



With Spring Comes Need for New Appareling



Girls' Dress, of tan or oyster linen, hand-embroidered; sizes 6 to 10 years \$15.00 Boys' Middy Suit, of blue serge: sizes 4 to 10 years \$7.50 Man-o'-War's Cap; sizes 63 to 7 \$1.50

Women's Tailored Suit, of Poiret twill, in tan or navy blue; sizes 34 to 44; a very smart, dressy model \$62.00 Misses' Tailored Suit, of burella cloth, in old rose or tan; coat lined with silk; sizes 14, 16 and 18 years \$38.00

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NEW YORK

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THE THEATRE

FEBRUARY, 1917



OST people suffer from exaggerated ego.

When we say the March THE-ATRE excels all our previous issues for beauty of illustration and variety of text, it is merely a question of "know thyself."

Read some of next month's announcements.

Then see for yourself what an interesting number it's going to be.



HAVE you ever looked for a needle in a haystack?

Have you ever tried to find a real American dramatist on Broadway?

There ain't no such

So George Jean Nathan thinks, and in the March THEATRE, in one of his usual caustic articles, he will tell you why.



WE hear every day of society people going on the stage

But you don't often hear of stage people becoming prominent in society.

There is real romance behind as well as before the curtain. Social leaders of to-day were actresses of yesterday.

Do you know who

they are?

Read about them and see their pictures—both in the spotlight and in the diamond horseshoein our next issue.



OU'VE laughed at the fat knight, haven't you?

Tom Wise is excruciatingly funny as Fal-

staff. But did you ever see the elder Hackett, and some of the other actors, De Wolf Hopper, William H. Crane, et al., who have made this humorous character

Shakespeare said: "Beware the ides of

We say: "Beware lest you miss the March issue, if you want to know something about this amusing character."

ago?

Nazimova says she was:

This interesting actress, who has just opened her season at the Princess, always has something unusual and "different" to say.

WERE you living a thousand years, clever comedian lives up to his reputation. Are you anxious to know if he is as

humorous off stage as on?

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Of course, we can't let you into the secret now. But if you read his article in the March issue you can judge for yourself.

HOW old is Anne?
That used to be

the unsolved problem.

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Editor

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of life.

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In "Nothing But the Truth," this very





THE STAGE AND PUBLIC MORALS

By THÉ REVEREND JOHN J. BURKE, C.S., P

Chairman, Bulletin Committee of the Catholic Theatre Movement



ONG ago it was admitted as an axiom, even by those influenced by purely utilitarian motives, that in business "honesty is the best policy." Repeated violations of the axiom have served only to prove its truth.

Beginning from the bottom up with the question of the theatre, we may state the axiomatic truth, decency is the best policy. The flagrant violations of the axiom, so common today, and the rich box office receipts which they often yield may seem to nullify its truth; but anyone with even a slight knowledge of our theatre and with any earnest wish for its permanency will see that whatever force these violations possess is Samsonian, that in uprooting the pillars of decency they destroy both themselves and the theatre. History has vindicated again and again the truth of the axiom. The theatre had to be resurrected from the rot of the Restoration.

There is no question as to the fact that our own stage has fallen to a pitiably low estate. It is not our purpose to enter into a discussion as to the causes thereof. But for its betterment and its eventual success it must keep one motto ever before its eyes, "decency is the best policy." This is the foundation stone of both business and artistic success. Many are the forces which have endeavored to bring home the importance of this truth to the manager, the actor, and the public. One of the most zealous and courageous is The Theatre Magazine which has made it an invariable rule to champion decency on the stage. The success of the magazine is but another evidence to the truth of the axiom.



THEATRE to state the aims and purposes of another agency which has taken up the work of defending public morals with regard to the theatre, viz.: The Catholic Theatre Movement. It may be stated at once that the Catholic Theatre Movement is not primarily interested in the theatre. Its first interest is the spiritual welfare of Catholics, adult and young, who look to it for information and guidance. The matter on which it gives its instruction and guidance is the theatre of the present day.

The theatre has been and always will be a tremendous power in influencing public morals either for good or evil. The Catholic Church has recognized that power from the first days of her history. She has taught her children to cultivate the dramatic instinct. She has called it to the service of her great liturgy. She preserved and treasured the classics of the Greeks and Latins. Drama found with her a home, not only in the public life of her people, but even in her convents and monasteries. Drama, a necessary expression of man's soul, must either exalt or degrade him.

The Church has always encouraged its higher mission. To save man to his best has been her constant care. To paraphrase a great English essayist, she has taught men how to play, but to play around the foot of the cross; not that she is so puritanical as to wish that drama should



FATHER JOHN J. BURKE, C. S. P.

One of the most eminent and influential men in the Catholic Church. He was educated at City College, St. Francis Xavier College, and the Catholic University, and received the degree, Litt. D. He joined the Paulist Fathers and was for a time on missions throughout the country. In 1904, he became editor-in-chief of the Catholic World. He is also chairman of the Executive Committee of the Catholic Press Association of the United States

share its asceticism, but she is eager that drama should at least acknowledge the safety of its shadow. For its shadow as regards the fundamental moral law of God is the same as that cast by Mt. Sinai. The moral precepts therefrom declared are obligatory upon all men and are the safety of healthy national life for all nations and all peoples, for Christian and for Jew.

In order to enable Catholics to apply those moral principles which their faith teaches to the theatrical performances of the present day, the Catholic Theatre Movement was inaugurated. The Movement hopes sincerely that its activity will affect for the better the stage and motion picture productions; that it will play some small part at least in the elevation of dramatic standards; but primarily its office is to give a true account of the moral or immoral character of current productions, in order that its members may decide for themselves whether a particular play should receive their support or their dis-

approval. By the very limitations of its office, the officials of the Movement regard the moral rather than the dramatic characteristics of a play.

It will be seen, then, that the Movement is directly concerned with Catholics. It is not an attempt to coerce anyone; even its own members are informed that the Bulletin Committee may approve plays which they will see fit to disapprove or vice versa. The Movement is composed of an executive board of which the director is the Right Rev. Monsignor Michael J. Lavelle, D. D.: the President, Mr. Edward J. Maguire. The Bulletin Committee, which is under supervision of the Executive Board, publishes a small "Bulletin" every month. These Bulletins are divided into "Supplementary" and "White List" Bulletins. The Supplementary Bulletin gives a detailed account of the story, plot, character of every new play. The members of the Bulletin Committee or their representatives see every play that is presented on the New York stage. That they may be absolutely free in framing their report they never accept free tickets from any theatrical management.

The "White List" Bulletin, published about

The "White List" Bulletin, published about every other month, gives a White List of plays which the Committee approves. In order to understand this White List one must remember the conditions for its formation which the Committee has imposed upon itself. In one of our first Bulletins, April, 1914, we stated: "The following conditions indicate the limitations of the list and its special application.

"A play must not with regard to morals occupy debatable ground.

"There should be a general agreement that a play is clean and wholesome.

"The appeal should be simple and universal.

"The play should be fit for theatregoers of all ages and suited to various tastes."



IN framing a White List the Catholic Theatre Movement follows a line adopted by other movements, for example, the Parents League for the moral betterment of the theatre.

Because the White List is definite it has been the object of more discussion than any other work of the Theatre Movement. A discussion of abstract principles is always agreeable—and uninteresting. The application of these principles begets differences, warm arguments, and at times irritation. It would be quite fruitless to enter into a long explanation of the application of its principles by the Committee to current plays. In some cases there is lengthy argument within the Committee itself. We never look, therefore, for entire agreement from outsiders.

Just as the public Commissioner of Licenses may demand the taking out of a sentence or a scene before he gives a movie his official approval,

so the Committee may decide it necessary to refuse admission to the White List of a play, otherwise good and wholesome, because of an objectionable scene. But it may be said that the Committee never asks the impossible. It does not judge by a standard fitted for those who are following the more perfect way. The Christian counsel is not its guide: but the Christian law. And as our civilization and consequently our public morality was born of that law, it feels justified in asking for the support and approval of all right-minded men and women.



THE Committee considers in its work that "certain truths are self evident." Marriage, for example, is an institution decreed by God for the dignity of husband and wife, the welfare of the family, the stability of the nation. A play that attacks marriage as an institution would never meet with our approval.

The dignity of the family itself: respect of children for parents: the obligations of parents towards their children—a play that would hold these truths up to odium would put itself outside the pale of our favorable judgment.

The approval of sex relationship outside of marriage: the defense of birth control which directly violates the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill": the free discussion of it: the tolerance of adultery in the exploitation of the "triangle": the defense of the criminal as being without personal responsibility: the justification of lying, or of theft, or of forgery or murder: the morbid sympathy with the innocent "Magdalene"—against all these the Catholic Theatre Movement uncompromisingly wages war.

"They are all part of the drama of life," someone will object. Of course they are; and they may legitimately enter into the drama of the stage. But it makes all the difference of life and death as to which spirit presides at their introduction: the spirit of pessimism, of determinism, of sin, or the spirit of hope, of liberty and of virtue.

The Committee tries not to take itself too seriously. The primary aim of the theatre is to amuse and entertain. No objection may be registered against the presentation of a marriage disastrous in its consequences; nor of the ill-fated maiden who loved not wisely but too well, nor of the difficulties of lovers and of the married, nor of the lying and thieving villain, the deceitful lawyer or judge, nor even at the display of such vulgarity of action and language as we might well wish changed. The playgoer knows

that stage villains are stage villains, nor is the lesson of any tragedy lost upon him.

It is not against the portrayal of life that the Catholic Theatre Movement protests. It is against the preaching of principles in words and actions that would destroy all wholesome life. Its protest is aimed against a distorted view of life which, in turn, will teach vicious principles to both old and young, and spell falsehood and hopelessness where inspiration and the courage of uprightness are needed. Particular movements of protest and betterment are always called forth by particular needs.

What particular condition or situation gave birth to the Catholic Theatre Movement? Not the need or the wish to infuse Catholic principles into the modern theatre. We have no such aim for it would be utterly beyond our reach.

A particular evil besets the stage to-day, and against that evil are we determined to fight, and to call to our aid at least all our fellow Catholics. That evil may be stated in a word to be the dry rot of sex. Write sex in capital letters and like the huge electric signs on Broadway it will show you the entrance through which much of our modern drama gains access to the stage. In every form, suggestive word or act or silence, subtle innuendo, outspoken indecency, flagrant nakedness, the atmosphere of sex obsesses the stage to-day. There is hardly a play free from it; and by sex we mean not the legitimate appeal or office that this strongest of human instincts has in the drama, but the appeal of lust, of the excitement of the merely animal passion.



EVERY plea that can be made has been made in its defense. Liberty of thought and speech and action has been invoked until liberty has shut her ears in utter disgust at the hypocrisy of men. Persons of influence and standing in the community have lent the weight of their name in approval to these plays that have neither moral nor dramatic worth.

It cannot be that they see the inevitable consequences of their tolerance and co-operation.

Managers apologize by saying they must give the public what the public wants. We believe that the public is sound at heart; the great success of clean plays is the best proof of this, and a further proof is that as a rule the indecent play has not a very long run.

Nevertheless, it is true that the license of indecency is extending wider and wider. The indecent suggestion is deliberately introduced into plays that of themselves give no reason for the introduction. It has become almost impossible for a man to take a woman whom he respects to a play in New York—unless he has first become acquainted with the play—without fear of having her womanhood insulted.

We might, of course, mention particular plays and particular places, but we do not wish to give them the advertisement. The Catholic Theatre Movement has protested time and again against "shows"—they deserve no better name—that have outraged every sense of public decency. This emphasis, this insistence upon sex, this interpretation of life in the single term of the "master passion" cannot but work unspeakable harm to the entire social body. It has grown so strong to-day that it is a challenge to our self-respect. As Foerster, the noted German educator, has insisted, it is not too little, but too great a knowledge of sex from which the world suffers.



SEX is a powerful instinct, but it is a means, not an end. To make it the beginning and end of our thoughts and our life is to pervert Nature, to sow in the flesh and of the flesh to reap corruption. Beyond it are the spiritual powers by which man should direct it aright. We are all spiritual creatures, all spiritual children of the one God, our Father, and as such we should regard one another in love and reverence. We are not simply male or female. We are not simply brutes or beasts "who take their license in the field of time." Unless we can free ourselves from the bondage of sex, we can never look honestly at father or mother, or brother or sister, or wife or child. And because the exploitation of sexual passion has become so common, so free, so unrestrained, we are in danger of looking at everything from youth to manhood, from home to country, in a wrong and an evil way.

Against this fearful evil of the stage, its viciousness, its physical nakedness, its propaganda of libertinism, its subtle suggestiveness, and its hypocritical contention that all these things are done for "life" and for "art," the Catholic Theatre Movement protests with all the power it can command. It feels justified in asking the co-operation of every clean-minded man and woman, no matter what his or her religious belief may be, for the hearts of all of us love children—and the things for which children stand—purity and innocence and hope. Even if we have lost these things ourselves, we will not be without honor before God if we strive to keep them for those who must look to us for guidance and for inspiration.



"All The World's A Stage"

What though we dream our dream? What though we fight and rage? What though we strive and scheme? This world is but a stage!

And yet—the spotlight lures And so we force a smile And seek fame that endures Only a little while!

MORRIE RYSKIND



Alphonz Ethier Julia Arthur Ivy Troutman Robert Gottschalk Katherine De Barry Brigham Royce Charles N. Greene SCENE IN "SEREMONDA" ROMANTIC DRAMA AT THE CRITERION



Thomas A. Wise as Falstaff

THREE IMPRESSIONS OF MAXINE ELLIOTT



T was a gala night at London's smartest theatre.

I do not recall what event was signalized by the unusual brilliancy of the audience, but it was one of those occasions when all London seems *en fête* and the theatre is, indeed, more than at other time a "house of mirth."

In one box sat the American Ambassador, whose guests included an Indian Prince, shining like the sun in the splendor of his native dress; in another the Duchess of Marlborough, our own Consuelo Vanderbilt, smilingly listened to the smart repartee on the stage and whispered comment now and then over her shoulder to an Italian Prince, who was host of the brilliant party.

Lord Kitchener was there, stern of brow and square of jaw, and near him sat Edna May, her Clyte profile showing with cameo clearness against the background of black coats around her, and Lady de Bathe, whom we know as Lillie Langtry, who blazed with jewels and looked more like a royal princess than any royalty present.

Painting lent to this assemblage of celebrities our John S. Sargent, so long a resident of old Chelsea that he is regarded as rather more British than any other painter in that little haunt of the Muses where all good artists hope to go before they die. Arnold Bennett is here too, of course, to represent literature; and not far away sits Bernard Shaw smiling cynically into his beard.

In an upper box a cabinet minister is entertaining guests. He is a man loved and feared among war lords, but Mars seems in eclipse to-night. The proudest duchess in the kingdom is at his left, and at his right sits Maxine Elliott. Regnantly beautiful, the American actress, apparently unconscious that she is the cynosure of the opera-glasses levelled upon the ducal box from all parts of the great house, chats during the entracte, waving a fan of deep crimson plumes.

Even royalty from an opposite box pays the tribute of an approving gaze at the actress, and at the close of the play, the audience stands and divides attention between beauty in one box and royalty in another until their majesties have left the theatre.

S CARCELY two years had passed since that gala night, when a young French officer—le comte de la Rochette—whose wife is beautiful Grace Luders, well known to American theatregoets, was invalided home and paid a visit to New York.

I shall never forget his sombre picture of one night, near Ypres, when he was detailed to carry a message to the relief barge which Miss Elliott has equipped as a mercy ship for suffering Belgians. Out of the murk and mist of the crimson reek he painted stands forth the vision of a tall woman with a madonna face and slender hands which work at unaccustomed toil for the sufferers to whom her strength and her wealth are dedicated. For hours, through the clouded, roaring day and the ominous black night of war, self-forgetting, absorbed in the endless task of relieving and relieving and relieving the interminable, ceaseless stream of wounded and needy that flowed over Belgium's ravaged miles to her "mercy barge," Miss Elliott gave personal service to the thousands and thousands whom the year brought to her boat. Every third day long ambulance and supply trains brought nine tons of supplies-clothing, medicines, food, flour-for her poor, and the busy hands of Miss Elliott and her assistants sorted and distributed these gifts in accordance with a system worked out by the actress herself. All day the silent river flowed along beside the great highway, and all night a river of men, sterneyed soldiers, flowed in equal silence along the road. Divisions were shifted by night in these endless streams of khaki-clad fighters, who silently saluted the mercy barge and the beautiful woman whom the Belgian children and women call "notre dame du Batteau."

Belgian's king has decorated Miss Elliott with a jewelled cross "for distinguished public services" to his stricken people. But the impression I gather of this devoted American woman is that of "Our Lady of the Boat," decorated with a higher jewel than any king could bestow, and crowned with the blessings of thousands of women and children and men, whom she has helped to bear the ruthless cross of war.

A N hour ago, I sat vis-à-vis to Miss Elliott over a tea tray. More regnantly beautiful, because more spiritually fine and awakened than I have ever seen her, there was something new in the woman.

Something born of that deep and vibrant thing we call soul—something that explained why with the whole world of London at her feet she laid aside ambition, put the gain and the glory of her stage life behind her and spent herself and her fortune to give back to unhappy men and women something lost in that ruthless thing which is not war but is worse than war, as it stalks with alien, crushing feet across brave Belgium.

"I can not speak even for a publication so dear to my profession as The Theatre Magazine of what I have done in my barge. It would sound like making capital of the most sacred thing in life," she said.

"But I can say how happy I am that the work I have done is different only in kind to that which the greatest and gentlest of English women and of French women have gladly given themselves to do in the service of a cause that is not England's or France's or Russia's or Belgium's, not Italy's nor Serbia's, but civilization's cause, and humanity's.

"The cause of world freedom—even of world life—for which the Allies have given their best of manhood and womanhood, and for which they will shed to the last drop the best blood of their nation."

A tall, splendid figure was Miss Elliott's as she stood up to give stronger expression to her words—a figure clad in a clinging robe of black and gold unjewelled save for the Belgian decoration which she had pinned on her bosom after I had returned it to her with fingers that thrilled from the touch of such a symbol.

But higher than her beauty, more splendid than her womanhood was the glowing flame of a sacrificial purpose that lit her deep, large eyes with the fire that a deep, big love of humanity lights now and then in the hearts of great and noble women born to bless and be blessed of nations.

By Helen Ten Broeck.

SUPERSTITIONS OF ACTORS



THE most superstitious people in the world are those of the theatre. Their's is a business of gambling and most gamblers believe in charms and hoodoos. Players, playwrights, and managers are practically all believers in certain intangible powers that may affect their destinies. A well-known playwright was going, the other day, to a manager's office to read his latest piece. No sooner had he reached the door when a black cat suddenly crossed his path. Instantly the dramatist turned on his heel and returned home.

In a dressing room if anybody should be caught whistling all the artists go up in the air, because they fear it would bring some kind of bad luck to the theatre. The offender is requested to go outside, turn around three times to the right and say "I am a fool."

Kitty Gordon, before she goes on the stage, kisses three fingers of her hand and then touches any part of the building painted in solid color.

Irene Franklin believes she would never make a hit if she used cosmetics for make-up. She always uses water colors.

Burt Green would never think of playing the piano unless a handkerchief were on the keyboard. If it dropped, he would stop playing.

It means "good bye" for anyone caught singing Tosti's famous song, "Good Bye" in any theatre.

Billie Burke, on opening nights, always wears somewhere on her person a small piece of new blue ribbon, Clifton Crawford would not stay in any dressing room if shelves containing shoes were above his head.

Jack Wilson, the black-face comedian, says that all artists, when making-up, start around the mouth. He feels the house would come down if he started around the back of the neck.

* * *
Lillian Greuze always wears for good luck a small silver chain she wore as a child.

If an artist by mistake should wear an undershirt inside out he wouldn't dare leave until after the performance.

A great many managers refuse to allow anyone to wear yellow stockings on the stage.



After two years of relief work in Belgium, this well-known actress has returned to America, and has yielded at last to the insistent call of the movies. Miss Elliott is to be featured in the Goldwyn films

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

By CHAUNCEY OLCOTT



O every man comes his hour of trembling cowardice, and I confess that mine clutches me now, as I sit down amid the happy pandemonium of the New Year's eve that ushers in the infant 1917, to recall and set down for The Theatre Magazine, a few random memories of my professional life.

Out of the mists rises the beloved figure of my mother who is indelibly associated not only with my professional life, but with my earliest appearance, which brought me to the fore as a child singer (a child nuisance I expect) at a concert given by the boys of St. Michael's School in Buffalo, when I was four years of age.

One of the lads had begged to "borrow the loan of little Chauncey" from my mother, and as the fame of "little Chauncey" who could carry a tune before he was able to sit alone in his cradle, had spread beyond the boundaries of our own parish, I am told that a packed house applauded my earliest infant effort.

My only recollection of this event is of the proud and shining face of my mother. What I sang I fail to recall, but I remember that my mother lifted me up to salute several smiling members of the clergy after the performance.

In a year or so I began to wrestle with the problems presented by the a-b-c's and similar branches of learning at St. Michael's myself, and after absorbing as much knowledge of the fundamental principles of education as was consistent with singing my way over difficulties there, I was transferred to one of the public schools.

A certain Miss Hastings was my teacher, and she evidently thought more of my singing than of my talent for the multiplication table, for she not only used to set me to singing in recitation hours, but at lunch time it was her habit to take me home to sing to her family and friends during the noon hour—sending me for a hurried repast at my own home afterwards.



YOU may well believe that I acquired no serious habit of study during my period at public school, and to add to a growing distinctionation to address myself with any fiery enthusiasm to the knotty problems in arithmetic which confronted me in a term or two, I decided that a public career was what I was born for, and at the mature age of twelve, I started out to organize and manage a company of my own.

In those days there lived in Buffalo a worthy gentleman who is still probably remembered by numbers of people in the Lake Erie metropolis. He was a prestidigitator whose sleight-of-hand tricks made a deep impression on the youthful mind. Kellar and Herrmann had nothing on him, in the estimation of the Buffalo school children. I do not know the name of this fine citizen in private life, but his stage name—the dazzling title under which he transformed gold fish into bouquets of roses and made omelets in silk hats was "The Fakir of Ava."

The Fakir had "borrowed" me for a number of his entertainments, and some of my playmates had been drafted as assistants in his tricks so frequently that one of them was considered better—oh, very much better indeed—than the Fakir of Ava by admiring school chums, so I decided to collect a company of boys and start out in the amusement world on my own. Accordingly I breathed the spirit of dramatic

adventure into ten boy friends of mine, and after due rehearsals and much trying of our entertainment upon the friendly "dog" in numerous wood sheds and cellars, we started off for London, Ontario, to give a minstrel show with a little sleight of hand on the side.

I may as well admit, without any excuse or palliation that our season was a ghastly failure. The master of magic found himself unable to perform his tricks, and the boys who had danced with so much clever precision in Buffalo, found themselves "hoof bound," as poor Denman Thompson used to say, when they faced a cold Canadian audience. I had better luck than the



CHAUNCEY OLCOTT

rest of the "company," for my ballads which consisted of the old-fashioned favorites of that day, with "Put My Little Shoes Away" as a strong favorite, were received with more favor than the temper of the audience led me to expect. And such an audience! There wasn't ten dollars in the house. We could see the manager frowning at the back while we were doing our Spartan best to make that handful of people laugh.

Just before the close of the entertainment a bright idea came to me. At the left of the stage was a "proscenium box" draped with lace curtains. No matter what vanity I might possess as to my vocal accomplishments, the thing I was really proud of was an agile ability to turn cart wheels. Handsprings and flip-flaps were my long suit, in my own kid estimation, and a wild idea came into my head, of doing a somersault right into the box by way of comedy hit for my final exit. "Will You Ever Shoot That Hat" was the song with which I was closing the bill and at its final note, I did a couple of cartwheels and hurled myself straight at the lace curtains. To my agonized surprise, I didn't land in the box. Instead I only succeeded in catching my feet in the lace drapery, and bringing the whole decoration, cornice, curtain and all, down on my head as I anchored on the railing.

The audience dispersed, without applause, and as I disentangled myself from the ruins I could see the manager hot-footing it down the aisle to demand damages to his house, and enough money to pay the rent which was not covered by the receipts.

It was an awful moment. The "company" was all "washed up" and had started for the train, and I was left to face the injured owner of the Opera House along.

With true managerial frugality, he paused to turn off the lights before pouring out his wrath upon me, and in that precious moment of delay I grabbed my overcoat and cap, dashed out of the stage door stumbling along the alley to the street, and beat it to the railway station. There I found that the Buffalo express had just pulled out, and with it the boy who held the return tickets. One faithful minstrel had waited for me, thus losing his train, and as neither of us had any money, we decided that Christmas was a mistake and life in general a ghastly failure. It was bitterly cold but we huddled together and waited for a chance to steal a ride home on a train for Niagara Falls.



WHEN that creeping local pulled in we clambered to the steps of the baggage car and tried to make ourselves invisible. It was snowing and sleeting—a cold sleet that froze as it fell. Colder and colder grew the night and when the train slowed up at a station just next to the final stop, we felt that anything the conductor would do to us was better than freezing to death outside. So we managed to pull ourselves off the steps and staggered inside. Our hands were frosted from holding on the iron railing, and my coat had frozen to the steps so that I could scarcely tear myself off. When we got inside the conductor and train crew gave us a heartier laugh than we had won from our London audience. They had known we were aboard all the time, and had amused themselves betting on how long we would stick. I had received a watch for a Christmas present, and this the conductor held as security for our fare and gave us ten cents a piece to pay our way from Niagara Falls to

I believe my mother was secretly delighted that my first venture along the highway of art was so dire a failure. She believed that I would be contented, now, to go back to school and behave myself. But she reckoned without realizing the lure of the stage. I returned to school, but the zest had gone out of books and examination papers. During two terms I struggled with lessons, and then Duprez and Benedict's minstrels came to town and it was all off again.

I had no trouble in gaining the ear of the manager who heard me sing and engaged me to travel with the organization, promising me eight dollars a week if I made good with the audience. With the harrowing results of my first appearance as a regular black-face artist still in mind, I did not consider it wise to acquaint my mother with my negotiations, but I have no doubt she read my thoughts without any trouble, in fact the event proved it.

From Buffalo the organization went to Titusville, and on the morning of our arrival in the







Rudolph in "Clover"



Mr. Olcott as a Young Man



As Patrick O'Flanagan

petroleum metropolis, I was to have the ecstasy of appearing for the first time in a minstrel parade. I was fifteen years old, by this time, and if there is any higher joy than that which comes to a boy of that age when he is invested with the dignity of a silk hat, I do not know what it can be. The parade was to start at twelve o'clock, but by eight in the morning I was all ready to match and admiring my appearance in the cracked looking glass in my hotel room, gazing with infinite rapture at the tall hat which I had stuffed with paper to keep from covering my whole face. At length came the witching hour of noon. All ready for the march, the company formed line in front of the hotel. My feet were marking time, my heart beating jubilantly, the band struck up "Hail Columbia" and the parade was on. But alas! Not three steps had I taken when something like a cyclone

hit that hat, and my mother's hand on the back of my neck, wrested me out of line and marched me off. I draw a veil over subsequent proceedings. But I never tried again to run away from home with a show.

My stepfather, a fine chap named Patrick Brennan, was a master machinist, and I was immediately put in a machine shop to learn that trade. I worked with a boy of my own age at cutting nuts for bolts. I liked the work well enough, but before I had been at it very long, my mate let his hand slip and lost two fingers, at which accident I quit. My mother was for sending me back

to the shops, but my stepfather persuaded her that I was not fitted for a mechanic, and so I was sent to the Osborne House in Hornellsville, N. Y., to learn the hotel business. Here I was placed in charge of the billiard hall, and my duties were to count games, look after cues. and entertain visitors with songs in which I accompanied myself on the guitar. Again the voice of minstrelsy called me and I fell. It was Billy Emerson this time. His company came to Hornellsville and some one told him to hear the boy tenor at the billiard hall.

Mr. Emerson came to the Osborne house and strolled into the billiard rooms as if he were a casual visitor in search of a game. But I spotted him in a minute. You could tell a minstrel by the cut of his jib in those days. "Can you sing?" he inquired while examining the weight of a cue, "I see a guitar in the corner." "Oh, I don't sing so much," I drawled, but I grabbed the guitar and plunged into a ditty I had heard him sing the night before. "O Listen to the Water Mill" was the lyric masterpiece, and after duly listening Mr. Emerson disclosed his identity, and asked me if I wouldn't like to join his troupe. "There isn't any vacancy just now," he said, "but I'll keep you in mind for next season if you like."



I N the meantime the Osborne House changed hands and I was apprenticed to a tug boat captain. Life on roaring Lake Erie was not at all to my liking, and when, finally I received a telegram, telling me to join the Emerson minstrels at a salary of fifty dollars per month heaven stooped so close down to me that I thought I had only to put out my hand to pick clusters of

My mother objected again, but once more my shrewd stepfather interposed. "Oh, well," was my mother's final decision, "he'll never amount to anything, he may just as well be an actor. And so it was settled. But alas! In the arrangement of the company, I was given a seat next to the big drum and had no chance to sing except in the choruses, where my roaringest efforts were drowned in the whelming voice of the drum.

I was sore and discouraged but when we got to Boston it developed that we were to play in opposition to Haverly's minstrels, and I was introduced to "Bill" Foote.

"Olcott? Olcott?" he said, "are you Mel Olcott's boy?" I boastingly replied in the affirmative. "Why I knew your father well," he said, "and if you can sing like he could, Haverly's Minstrels wants you.'

I promptly opened my mouth, and turned loose the vocal chords, to show him how nearly like my father I could sing. Luckily for me he quit the Emerson outfit?" he asked. "In five minutes," I gasped. "All right, you open with us to-night," he said. And I did.

I sang "My Scotch Lassie Jean" and won four noores. When Emerson heard it, he wanted to encores. murder his stage manager for blanketing me first and then letting me go. It is not from vanity that I repeat this, but because it stands out as my first professional solo. So far as I ever heard there was no blood shed in the

Emerson organization on my account. A brighteyed young chap named Charles Frohman was assistant treasurer (afterward he was advance man) of the Haverly show, and he paid me my first salary, a transaction that began a friendship ended only with Mr. Frohman's magnificent adventure into Death.

From Haverly's I went to Thatcher. Primrose and West, and then to Carneross in Philadelphia and then came a chance to become a regular actor and appear with Denman Thompson in "The Old Homestead," singing "The Palms" for the first time, I believe in English.



In "Old Limerick Town"

In "Mavourneen"

Before joining Mr. Thompson, I sang for a few performances in "Pepita," with Lillian Russell as prima donna. From Miss Russell, during rehearsals of this operetta, I received my first lessons in acting. As nearly as I can recall (for this was in 1886,) Miss Russell's directions were that I should wave my arms at intervals during my solo, and step back when the prima donna wished to cross in front of me. I waved my arms in the manner prescribed for amateur tenors and when it came to letting Miss Russell cross the stage, I backed away with what grace I could command, but to save my life I couldn't change the direction of my gestures, and kept on making motions toward the spot in vacancy formerly occupied by the prima Jonna to whom I was supposed to be singing an impassioned love ditty. In vain Miss Russell whispered requests that I should turn my face in her direction, in vain the director tapped with his baton, in vain the stage director hissed to me from the wings, I kept on warbling, paralyzed from the arms down, and unable to turn. Finally, in despair, Miss Russell returned to her former place and the scene went on to the end. This experience had a good deal to do with my wish to gain stage technique in the company of such a master of acting as "Den" Thompson, and so I became a member of the cast of "The Old Homestead."

It was while I was playing the part of Harry Earle, the dissipated son, that my mother first saw me on the stage. Before I ever became a professional singer, I had promised my mother that so long as she lived, I would never touch intoxicating drinks of any kind—a promise I faithfully kept. Lemonade was the strongest tipple I had ever tasted. When, however, my

mother saw me, in the rôle of the weak young man, roistering about on the stage, and becoming very much inebriated on stage whiskey, which of course is harmless cold tea, she gave voice to a piercing scream that came near causing a panic.

"My boy is a drunkard!" she cried "my boy is a drunkard!" and not anything that I or Mr. Thompson could say availed to persuade her that I hadn't fallen a victim to the demon Rum. So strong was her feeling about seeing me act the character of an intoxicated boy that Mr. Thompson took me out of the rôle and gave me the part of Frank Hopkins, the millionaire—a change not much to my liking, for I quite fancied myself as an awful example.

After two years of "The Homestead," joined the Duff Opera Company playing Ralph Rackstraw in "H. M. S. Pinafore," and Nanki-Poo in the "Mikado." Then I went to the Mc-Caull management for a brief season as Rudolph, the tenor part in "Clover," and "Tar and "Tartar," During these years I had held steadily to the notion of placing myself under the tutelage of a noted German teacher, and studying for grand opera. To this end, I sailed early in 1891 for Bremen intending to go straight to Berlin and seriously devote myself to grand opera work. But man proposes and Neptune sometimes settles it. From the hour of sailing I was so wretchedly sea sick, that for several days the ship's surgeon never left my state room. When we reached Southampton, I insisted on being carried ashore, (I was too ill to walk) and once on terra firma I registered a vow never again to set foot on an ocean liner. A few days in Southhampton, changed my views of life, a little, but nothing would induce me to cross the channel or the North Sea and proceed to Germany. So I went up to London and studied there with Randegger, Holland and the Chevalier Scovel who was then the great figure in the musical world of England.

About that time Audran's "Miss Decima," afterward done here as "Miss Helyot," with Mrs. Leslie Carter in the title róle, was in preparation by Charles Wyndham for production at the Criterion, and the management was experiencing great difficulty in finding for the rôle of the Chevalier Julius Cæsar Patrick O'Flanagan, a comedian who could sing. Meeting the Chevalier Scovel on the street one day, Mr. Wyndham told him his predicament, and Mr. Scovel insisted that I was the lad for the part. Accordingly I was engaged, and just after the first rehearsal I chanced to meet my American friends Louis Harrison and "Jimmy" Powers to whom I mentioned my forthcoming appearance in a funny character. To my discomfiture, both burst into howls and shrieks of laughter. "You a comedian! You!" and off they went into roars of merriment. This so dampened my ardor for the part that I immediately decided I was an imbecile to think of attempting it, and dashing into the Hotel Cecil I wrote my resignation, and sent it by messenger to Mr. Wyndham. Then I left town to escape the possibility of changing my mind.

In a few days I came back to London to keep an engagement with an American friend to witness a benefit performance at the Garrick Theatre. It so happened that Mr. Wyndham was the last artist on the bill, and that he saw me in the box the instant he stepped foot on the stage. The minute the curtain was down he dashed into the box and seized me by both shoulders. "What in heaven's name do you mean by running away from 'Miss Decima'?" (Concluded on page 124)

THE LITTLE SILVER THEATRE CLUB

By ELIZABETH HIATT GREGORY



AD Shakespeare lived to-day and said "All the world's a stage!" he would be too literal to be immortalized, for the time has come when histrionic honors are no longer restricted to the professional actor. Jaded with the ordinary routine of playing patron society has caught the full spirit of the limelight and is now to have a theatre of its own.

This advancement in a great measure is due to the popularity of the dance, which turned the four corners of the world into a mad whirl with syncopated steps and instilled a confidence hitherto not possessed by the amateur. Each step led nearer the footlights until now dancing clubs and theatre clubs have joined forces in the ideal combination of "The Little Silver Theatre and a Salon de danse" which will be an important factor in the social life of the early spring season.

This innovation was conceived by John Murray Anderson and is the outcome of his experience in arranging entertainments for the late Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and other society leaders. The little playhouse, which is located at 6 East 36th Street, while under the direction of Mr. Anderson, will be under fashionable patronage, and will be open only to members and guests.

It has a seating capacity of two hundred and is decorated in silver and orange with the stage entirely in silver. Simplicity will be the keynote of the settings, and a system of indirect lighting will be used, abolishing the footlight. Here society representatives, who are taking an active interest in contemporary music, dancing and the drama, will be enabled to realize a new

ambition, for they not only will have the privileges of being actors, but playwrights.

The company of amateurs will be augumented, should the occasion arise, by professionals. In addition to the plays by members there will be several novel productions, including a Japanese "Nö" play, six centuries old, and an unusual puppet performance of Oscar Wilde's "Salome." The setting suggests Aubrey Beardsley. Against a background of indigo blue, decorated with star motives in gold, will move the odd figures of the play.

The actors will be separated from the audience by a gauze of black decorated with gold circular motives. Later in the season, for the benefit of the War Relief Fund, there has been arranged a series of French plays written since the war by a French dramatist, who has done service in the trenches. Another novelty of the theatre will be a combination of rare old instruments.

It is also probable that Mrs. Blanche Wagstaft will be among the fashionable playwrights who will be represented during the season. Another author among those who have asked for co-operation is Mrs. Gouverneur Morris, who wrote the scenario, "Harper's Formula," presented in Bar Harbor in a photoplay with society folk in the cast. This social melodrama was billed with Mrs. Leonard Thomas as heroine and Walter Phelps as hero.

This little playhouse will serve another demand as its stage can easily be removed to a home. Its diminutive size makes it adaptable for any good-sized room. Here the ambitious and gifted hostess may be both her own playwright and producer for a private performance. The late Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, perhaps, did more than any other hostess to interest society in stagecraft. Her ballroom was the scene of many a novel entertainment and a performer who received the cachet of her approval usually found favor with the greater public. It was for her Mr. Anderson, the director of the little theatre, which is now to be the toy of society, planned several important entertainments, notably one given shortly before her death in honor of the Duke and Duchess of Manchester. She was always most exacting in her demands and never wished a deviation that might result in criticism. In the court dances arranged for her entertainments she insisted upon all of the original ceremony being carried out.

Other patrons of the theatre will include Mrs. John Kendrick Bangs, Mrs. Wendell Baker, Mrs. Donn Barber, Mrs. John Brackenridge, Mrs. Benjamin Tilton, Miss Elizabeth Curtis, Mrs. Roland Conklin, Mrs. Henry Hollister Pease, Mrs. Prentice Kellogg, Mrs. Wynant Vanderpool, Mrs. William Erhardt, Miss Elizabeth Perkins, Mrs. Adrian Hoffman Joline and Mrs. Palmer Knapp.

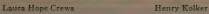
As a result of arranging entertainments in New York and elsewhere, Mr. Anderson took charge of the Summer Cabaret Club at Bar Harbor during the past summer and in conjunction with the weekly dance provided a one-act play. Subsequently he presented his pageant "Terpst-chore" for the benefit of the Red Cross.



Photos Aylett Henry Kolker Laura Hope Crews Norma Mitchell Marie Temper

Mrs. Randolph (played by Laura Hope Crews) is a hypochondriac. Thinking she is about to die, she is anxious to select a suitable second wife for her husband. Of course, she is careful to choose one "who wouldn't be likely to let him forget me." The woman she selects as her successor has always been very modest and retiring, almost motherly, in fact, but directly she learns of her friend's wish she takes offense and revenges herself by agreeing all too readily. Instead, however, of remaining quiet and retiring, she blooms forth in the most elaborate of toilettes. Irene almost immediately regrets the bargain, and no longer has any desire to die







Eugene O'Brien Marie Tempest



Laura Hope Crews W. Graham Browne

RAH! RAH! THE NEW PRINCETON SHOW



In the early nineties the Glee Club occupied a most important position in the undergraduate life of Princeton University. Attention was centered on it through the long winter months, as there were then fewer indoor athletic teams and the dramatic club was in its infancy. Moreover, the Glee Club took an annual trip, sometimes going as far as Denver.

Of recent years, however, the Princeton Triangle Club has come to the front as the most important of the winter undergraduate activities. To-day, the club ranks as a leader among the most successful college dramatic organizations in the country, especially throughout the East and Middle West.

Booth Tarkington, the author, was in no small way responsible for this phenomenal rise to public favor. He was president for two years of the only dramatic society that the University possessed in his undergraduate days. This was known as the Princeton Dramatic Organization, and gave shows before the student body only. It was at the last meeting over which Mr. Tarkington presided, in 1893, that the Triangle Club received its present name, partly from the fact that the triangle system was a feature of Princeton life, and partly from the musical instrument, considered appropriate, as the club "gave a sort of musical show."

From that time on the club grew and grew, although occasionally suffering reverses. The Faculty limited the cities in which performances might be given to Princeton and Trenton, but by 1900 New York City had been included in the "itinerary." Gradually, more cities have been added to the list until in 1915-1916 a 5,000-mile tour was taken, including Minneapolis and St. Paul. These trips are taken during the Christmas vacation. Although an original play was presented each year, the best-known of any, perhaps, and one which is still mentioned as one of the leading productions was the "Tabasco Land" of the season 1905-1906.



FOR the past few years the college musical comedies have been of stereotyped form. All have been marked by a "chaste simplicity and an entrancing lack of originality." The scene, plot and characters were struck from a most extraordinary and impossible mould. One set of scenery sufficed and the costumes presented no new effects.

It was in the face of this condition that the Princeton Triangle Club decided to start an innovation. To that end it chose as the 1916-1917 production a futurist farce, "Safety First," written by two undergraduates, J. F. Bohmfalk, of New York, and John Biggs, of Wilmington. The selection of this play from all others was made in part by Paul D. Nelson, of Chicago, who is president of the club. In addition to his unusual ability as an actor, he has very decided and unique ideas as to the staging of a play.

From the mystical prologue to the final satirical drop of the curtain, there is a musical comedy which speaks rather of the twenty-first than of the twentieth century. It is daring, but it is done with a finesse and polish that relieves it of any touch of the outré. The show is a plea to waft the audience to the land of the future—a land in which all our modern absurdities have been carried to their logical conclusions, indicating that society should examine carefully each new idea before accepting it as bona fide. The

idea of the lyric should be to proceed more carefully, looking before we leap, and thus practising "Safety First."

The type of scenery used has never been employed in any musical comedies of this country. It was arranged by Bakst, designer for the Russian ballet. Massive blocks of bold colorings have been employed throughout so as to gain an effect of the greatest contrast possible. The effort was made to make the actors themselves stand out more in the foreground, and the situations realistic without aid from the stage setting.



O NE feature which is apparent at once is the fact that "Safety First" has compositeness. The lyrics and music, along with the book, have a unity of personality and idea and the scenery is the background into which all these ingredients are woven and blended.

The music, by Paul Dickey, of Pittsburgh, Warburton Guilbert, of Chicago, and Edward Harris, of Boston, and the lyrics by Scott Fitzgerald, of St. Paul, carry out perfectly the ideas of the comedy. The lyrics are snappy, clever and very much up-to-the-minute. The music parodies exquisitely the present tone tendencies toward futurism. Both lyrics and music are colorful and fresh, and are considered among the best ever produced by Princeton men.

The action of "Safety First" takes place in the futurist art community of Arden and deals with a counterfeit art school run by a former convict named Howard. He is an unscrupulous and brow-beating character, who carries much of the action. Two of his former friends, now escaped convicts from Ding Ding prison, come on the scene and begin to blackmail him and force him to hide. Relative to prison reform, they state that Louis XIV furniture and private baths for each cell have just been established in their former abode, Ding Ding.

Howard's daughter, Betty, has determined to set herself up as a specialist in solving matrimonial problems, and makes a trip to New York for publicity purposes. On her way home, she is followed by two New Yorkers who are attracted by her appearance. These characters, Ralph and Bill, when they arrive in Arden, learn from Percy, one of the art students, that a new student, a girl, is expected. Ralph has the brilliant idea of posing as the husband of this new character, Cynthia, and so have an excuse to remain in Arden. Later, when he falls in love with Betty, and Bill decides he is in love with Cynthia, this pose causes a very complicated situation.

Other characters in the play are the Guild-master of the art community, the governess of Howard's daughter, and a page, who is the boy of all work.



In his characterization of "Mr. Ralph Bradcliff" a New York dilettante, President Nelson is one of the leaders in the production. He is one of the few men who have had a leading rôle in four different shows of the Triangle Club. While a freshman he played a female part, but since then has appeared in his natural guise. He is very clever, vivacious and original, and has a good voice. By many critics he is ranked as one of the leading actors any undergraduate dramatic organization has produced.

He scored especially in a catchy song, "Where Did Bridget Kelly Get Her Persian Temperament?" which he accompanied with dancing à la Pavlowa. Another character who stands in the limelight was J. A. O'Gorman, of New York whose interpretation of the crooked "Howard" is very realistic.

"Safety First," like its predecessors, has sev-

"Safety First," like its predecessors, has several very prominent athletes taking leading rôles. W. B. Moore, in "Mr. William Waverly," Ralph's friend, has been track captain for two years, and a gridiron star. He is president of the Senior Class, and comes from New York.

The part of the conceited "Guildmaster" is taken by C. H. Latrobe, a Baltimore boy, who possesses the best bass voice in college. He has been a member of two championship water-polo teams, and played tackle on the 1916 football team. J. B. Wiss, last year's intercollegiate wrestling champion in the 115-pound class, takes the part of the impudent "Page." He enjoys the distinction of winning the 'Varsity "P" in two minor sports. In the chorus, too, F. T. Hogg, captain of the football team, and J. E. Eddy, his teammate, show to advantage. though he has retired from athletics, J. B. Given, who creates many a laugh as "Percy," is leader of the Glee Club, and is an actor and singer of no mean ability. He, too, has been one of the mainstays of the shows for the past several years. His chief ambition at the art school, to paint an angle worm in the nude, was not quite realized, so in "One-Lump Percy, the Parlor Snake" he sang a woeful account of himself. He, too, is one of the "hits."



A N especial feature of the show is the work of the eighteen-piece orchestra under the direction of R. N. Schullinger. The music was among the most difficult ever attempted by the Triangle Club, yet it was made into one of the most pleasing offerings. Only undergraduate musicians were used, which is quite different from the days of Booth Tarkington. He employed professionals, for he described the college orchestra of his time as "worse than very

The Triangle Club, under the management of M. Sturges, completed a 3,500-mile tour during the Christmas vacation. The entire company, of over fifty members, visited eleven cities, in which a total of eleven performances were given. Everywhere the men played before crowded houses, and everywhere they were given a most hearty welcome both by the alumni and the friends of the University. Entertainment of various sort was prepared for them in each place, including tea dances, luncheons, and dinners galore. A special train was used throughout, as the show was presented in Brooklyn, Baltimore, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Springfield, Youngstown, Pittsburgh, Newark and New York. Several additional performances will be given in Princeton on the date of special occasions in the spring.

Although only undergraduates were used in the production of the show several professional directors were employed. Mr. Hooper had charge of the cast and chorus while Mr. Weaver gave some instruction to the orchestra. The scenery and costuming was the work of Miss Katherine Maxey of Chicago.

Every element united to make "Safety First" a success.



William B. Moore, captain of the track team

Charles Latrobe, captain of the water polo team

THE SPIRIT OF THE GREEK DANCE

By HELEN C. MÖLLER



HEN William Gillette said to me, "I should like you to come into my company" I was flattered. Or it were more truly expressed if I said, "I was exceedingly gratified because I knew I had attained my aim." The aim of the highest art is impersonality in expression.

Mr. Gillette was the only one of a group of



speakers who talked of the art of the stage to a large assemblage one night, who interested me. He was the one who seemed to me to have a message. He said: "I want the actor who doesn't know there is an audience in front." That is what I have attained and what I develop in the girls who assist me in my dances.

To express what you feel without thinking of yourself is the spirit of the Greek dance. Go to the galleries and art museums and study the exquisite friezes of Greece. Do you

suppose those maidens, leaping into the air, thought of themselves? No. They were tinglingly alive and expressed their aliveness by their movements.

My theory of the dance dwells constantly on movement. It discards the thought of motion. Movement is free, natural expression, as free and natural as breathing. Motion is something tacked on, like the unnecessary trimming on a frock. I join an average audience and sit watching an average dancer, or perhaps it is a very extraordinary dancer, as that rating which is fame, goes. The dancer does all kinds of odd things with her arms from the elbows. Those odd things make me smile. Movement is from the solar plexus, from the so-called abdominal brain. I, in my theory, extend that area to the entire front of the upper half of the thorax. The center of movement, as I conceive it, is relatively at the point of the sternum or breast bone. As geographers locate the equator and

the tropics by imaginary lines for convenience, so I refer to that as the central spot of the movement, although movement seems to me to proceed from all the chest of the dancer.

"Dance from here," I say, clasping my hands above my breast, as for instance, I lead my dancers in the figures that are to form one of my presentations, the Race of Atalanta, which I have now in preparation. "All movement proceeds from here." If I see any of my satellites in the dance using foolish little kicks or meaningless gyrations of the arms from the elbows, I am annoyed. As much annoyed as a dancer should ever permit herself to be. For the Greek dance can only be done by those of large free movement and large free soul. One must have beautiful ideas to express beautiful ideas.

It is more difficult than it sounds. Little tight lipped, tight gloved, tight booted, tight hairpinned, tight hearted, tight minded women come to me to join the dancers who are, as it were, my human accompaniment.



EAVE off your shoes and your stays. Take Out your hairpins. Wear draperies instead of skirts and waists. That is the only preparation," I tell them. "Now follow the music. Do as you wish. Express what you feel at the moment." At first they do nothing. They express nothing because they have nothing to express. My task is to train them back to natural expression, the same untrammeled expression as that of the child or the young animal.

When I was a child I ran and played and tumbled with hunting dogs and learned grace of them. They were pointers. They ran and danced with me. Certainly dogs dance. Not the stereotyped dance steps. They do not know the fox-trot nor the maxixe. But mine ran and leaped and, when they settled down upon the ground to rest, they settled in graceful curves. Every movement was a picture.

They taught me dancing, for I imitated their bounds and sprints and spurts of speed, their graceful settlings. They were the only dancing teachers I ever had. I never learned a dance step in my life. The Greek dance is not a thing of set steps. It is feeling, rhythm, movement. Not, I beg you to remember, motion.

To tell you how I became interested in, absorbed by, the Greek dance it will be necessary for me to depart from my habit and be, for a brief while, personal. I am a Western girl and spent my childhood in the freedom of the

Western prairies. I shocked my family and our neighbors by running about barefoot. It wasn't a bad habit, but a very good one. All women would be healthier and more graceful if they bared their feet when in their own homes. The art magazines reached my home. I was inspired by the Greek statues I saw reproduced in them.

My first youthful bent was toward sculpture. I wanted to become a sculptor. That idea received small encouragement. It vanished, or, rather, was suspended. But the impression of the surpassing beauty of the figures and postures re-

mained. Eventually I took up the study of vocal music. I came to New York to study. It was

during that study that the old obsession of the beauty of the Greeks returned in fuller force. I had been drawn by it to the museums and galleries and art exhibitions. Unconsciously, year by year, I had become saturated with the Greek idea.

The Greek idea is that of pure beauty. It is the perfection of beauty. Its ideal is the flowing line. I see everything in line. As some think in colors. others in sounds, I think in line

The Greek dance is our individual conception of the way the Greeks danced. No one knows what the Greek dances were. The artists and sculptors of that time

(Concluded on page 124)





HELEN C. MÖLLER AND SOME OF HER PUPILS



From & portrait by Maurice Goldberg

M A R G E R Y M A U D E

This clever daughter of Cyril Maude does not have to depend on her father's popularity for success. Her performance with George Arliss in "Paganini" and more recently in "The Professor's Love Story" entitle her to consideration as a young actress of unusual charm and promise



Gloria Goodwin and Clifton Webb in "Love O' Mike" at the Shubert



Curtis Cooksey, Herbert Yost and Lily Cahill in "In For the Night" at the Fulton



Roy Gordon, Eileen Van Biene and Flavia Arcaro in "Have a Heart" at the Liberty

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



NEIGHBORHOOD. "THE MAR-RIED WOMAN." Play in three acts by Chester Bailey Fernald. Produced on December 16th with this cast:

Mrs. Temple....Rose Beatrice Schiff Mrs. Temple....Rose Beatrice Schiff Alice Matthewson...Sara R. Barnett William Temple.....L. B. Praskin George Herbert. William A. Rothschild Henry Matthewson. Bennet S. Tobias Sylvia Temple......Bella Nodell Maidservant at William Temple's, Polaire Weisman Hugh Dellamy......David Solomon Footman at George Herbert's, J. F. Roach Manservant at Hugh Dellamy's, S. I. Mittlemark Maidservant at Hugh Dellamy's,

Maidservant at Hugh Dellamy's, Beatrice Schwartz

W HY does the book always end there?™ plaintively queries Sylvia Temple on the eve of her wedding. And nobody but old Dr. Henry F. Experience can give her the answer.

The book, of course, is the romantic novel, and "there" is at the end of the church opposite that at which you enter-with the priest remarking, "Let no man put asunder."

Sylvia on this momentous occasion called in an expert-a rejected suitor -and he could only tell her she would have to wait and see. She waited two years and then left her impossible husband, who had been too busy "holding up the Empire" to give her the companionship her nature demanded.

It was her rejected suitor who rescued her from starvation, took her to his apartments, and called into consultation her priggish, mid-Victorian family. Father, mother, sister and husband were all duly shocked and nasty-minded about it. Their horror reached its acme when Sir Hugh Dellamy, the rejected, told Sylvia that, since he loved her, and her husband didn't, he would give her three months to think it over and then ask her if she would choose her "third alternative"-a life of happiness with him under the curse of Mother Grundy.

Sylvia wanted to start right away. But Sir Hugh, disdaining the opportunity for a last-curtain clutch, with fine restraint departed. He left Sylvia interrogating the bust of a child as to what she should do.

It all happened at the Neighborhood Theatre in Grand Street— Chester Bailey Fernald's "The Mar-ried Woman." The play is an admirable mixture of Shaw and Ibsen,

not quite so good as either, less representative, but full of delightful flashes of satire, much interest diluted by a monotonous tendency, and several skillful characterizations.

"The Married Woman"—amateur acting and all-puts most of Broadway's theatres quite to shame.

BELASCO. "LITTLE LADY IN BLUE." Comedy in three acts by Horace Hodges and T. Wigney Percyval. Produced on December 21st with this cast:

Admiral Sir Anthony Addenbrooke, A. G. Andrews Anthony Addenbrooke, Jerome Patrick

Roland Rushton
Anne Churchill......Frances Starr
Miss Quick......Lucy Beaumont
A Girl of Portsmouth Town.
Eleanor Pendleton

BIT of pale butterscotch in a A BIT or pare batter.

Wrapper by Hogarth is this new comedy by the authors of "Grumpy." Rarely has anything so trite and inconsequential been so

A more or less sophisticated young person accidentally learns that a profligate naval officer will come into £60,000 if he reforms within a certain time. Whereupon, she reforms him with a view to matrimony and the money. Need I add that she is hugely successful?

The play opens at 8.30 p. m. and at 9 p. m. one is aware of everything that will happen. The remainder of the evening is devoted to watching it happen-and it does happen, faithfully, religiously, according to all the rules. In addition to which, at about 11 p. m. the audience is subjected to the ordeal of hearing the young lady retell the aforesaid but no longer dissolute young naval officer everything that has happened, as clumsy an expedient as any tyro was ever guilty of. Why not send the hero an explanatory note-which he could read off stage!

Mr. Belasco's presentation of this contribution to the Pollyanna era of the drama is in accordance with what is always expected of him. The play is not worthy of his master-hand, but his rare judgment in the casting of a piece results in some excellent character work.

"Grumpy" has found his reincarnation in the character of the "little Admiral" - Sir Anthony Addenbrooke-delightfully portrayed by A. G. Andrews. His departure for a better world at the end of the first act was a genuine loss to the audience. George Giddens as the faithful old sea salt, Cobbledick, contributes as artistic a characterization as Broadway has seen this season. The atmosphere surrounding his portrayal of the old boatswain gave to the last two acts of the play the only substance they possessed.

The rôle of the heroine does not call for any unusual histrionic ability. The part might be played by any one of a dozen of the lesser feminine luminaries. Frances Starr was pleasing in the rôle and wore some pretty gowns-that undoubtedly cost far more than a poor little governess out of a job could afford. It is to be hoped that Miss Starr's delicate art will soon find a more worthy vehicle.

Eleanor Pendleton deserves mention for a picturesque portrayal of an English courtesan, full of Hogarth-like atmosphere and the necessary Billingsgate. Jerome Patrick made a handsome if somewhat fatu-

HUDSON. "SHIRLEY KAYE." Comedy in four acts by Hulbert Footner Produced on December 25th with

Paul D'Anchise...Victor Benoît
Shirley Kaye...Elsie Ferguson
Egerton Kaye...George Backus
Mr. Dingwall...Douglas Patterson
Mrs. Baylis...Ethel Winthrop
Peters...Lawrence Wood
The Earl of Rosselvin.Ronald Byram
Carol Vallon...Corinne Barker
Mahel...Helen Erskine

OUT of a year of three hundred and sixty-five days why they should pick on Christmas for the production of a piece like "Shirley Kaye" is a mystery to me. At all events it is one of the dreariest and most disappointing entertainments offered on Broadway this season-which is saying a good deal.

The story is a feeble echo of "The Lion and the Mouse," with Elsie Ferguson as a vivacious little rodent who winds "the richest man in New York" and the sourest woman-hater from Idaho around her fingers—if mice have fingers.

The millionaire she compels to restore her ruined father's fortunes. She does it through the simple expedient of buying up railroad proxies at lightning speed. The mysogynist she forces to declare his love for her, by marooning him with her in an untenanted cottage on Long Island at midnight.

It is a trite tale, devoid of either suspense or surprise. There is much humor throughout, but it is rarely fresh or spontaneous. It is all the hackneyed fun of hackneyed situations.

The best of it is admirably pointed up by the lovable Mrs. Jacques Martin as a parvenue, A couple of silly asses also do their share.

But quite the most heart-rending part of the whole business is Miss Ferguson herself. Seen here as the superbly pathetic "Outcast," she appears now as a most artificial comédienne. Her lovely voice is wasted in amazingly affected intonations. Nothing in her impersonation rings true. When she and her woman-hater, who is Lee Baker, pull out the tremolo stop in the futile last act, they reach a climax of absurd unreality.

In short, the whole fabric of "Shirley Kaye," I must say with the utmost regret, is about as life-like and real as the obvious gas log in the cottage which Mr. Baker lit with shavings, and which burst into an instant blue blaze.

Coincidentally the audience burst into a roar.

COHAN AND HARRIS.
"EDITHA'S BURGLAR." "THE TRAVELLING MAN." "MERRY CHRISTMAS,
DADDY!" Produced on December
26th with these players:

Mary Shaw, Constance Bernstein, Jacob Meniger, Alice MacDougal, Dorothy Nicho's, Renee Reiss, Gerald Pring, Bronwen Chubb, Otto Kruger, Arthur LeVien, Caroline Newcombe, Edward Sedan, Elizabeth Gardiner, Fred Martine, A. Alphonse.

THE entertainment of children by means of plays is an idea that will not down.

Several attempts have been made here, from time to time, to establish a home for the fairies and the various wonderful people of the picture books, the Red Riding Hoods, the Giants, and the symbolic figures that count with children. Whole books of childrens' plays have been written.

It was a new venture, beginning in the Christmas week, that was set on foot at the Cohan and Harris Theatre under the management of Alice Minnie Herts, Katherine Lord and Jacob Heniger. There were eight matinées, with three one-act plays at each.

"Editha's Burglar" was not the familiar and thoroughly effective dramatization made by Augustus Thomas, but one by Mr. Heniger under an arrangement with Daniel Frohman. We had as well dismiss at once any illusion that may be held that it was an improvement on the Thomas version. It was divided into two scenes. The first scene was devoted to getting the old folks out of the house. In the second scene we had Editha and her burglar. It was then that the children were all attention and not before.

Renee Reiss, as Editha, was equal to her task and played well with the burglar, the professional Otto Kruger.

"The Travelling Man," a miracle play by Lady Gregory, had the services of Mary Shaw as the mother. Excellent she was, of course. The travelling man symbolized Christ. The mother turns him away. Her child welcomes him. It is not a play for children or their elders either.

Mary Austin was the author of "Merry Christmas, Daddy," a fantasy in which characters from the picture books and nursery stories appear to a boy on Christmas night when his father would send him to bed Christmasless. The father is converted to a belief in Christmas, and to that end the bears and Captain Kidd, Dare-Devil Dick and others danced and otherwise amused themselves and the children.

EMPIRE. "A KISS FOR CINDER-ELLA." Fantasy in three acts by J. M. Barrie. Produced on December 25th with this cast:

Mr. Bodie.......Morton Selten
Our Policeman.....Norman Trevor
Miss Thing (Cinderella),
Maude Adams

Mande Adams
Man With a Board...David Torrence
Man With a Coat...Wallace Jackson
Mrs. Maloney....Ada Boshell
A Coster...Robert Peyton Carter
Marie Therese...Theodora De Comb
Gladys...Thelma White
Delphine....Edith Alden
Gretchen...Eeanor Davison
A Godmother...Angela Ogden
Doctor Bodie...Katherine Brook
Lanny...Dallas Anderson
Lady Charlotte Warrenton,
Maude Leslie

THE title of the Barrie play, "A Kiss for Cinderella," is characteristic of one of the most human, tender and fanciful of writers.

In spirit the play is the old story

and curiously true to the original outline. Barrie's Cinderella does marry the Prince of her dreams, but he is in reality a true-hearted, amiable young policeman who was once about to arrest her for harboring, along with three other little waifs of the war, a child named Gretchen, a suspicious fostering of the enemy these days in England. But nothing comes of that. This plot has no narrow, conventional obligations.

This Cinderella, known as Miss Thing, is a drudge, a girl of dreams, real enough in her employment in cleaning up every day the studio of an artist. In this studio are many things that stir her curiosity and comment, the armless statue of Venus, with its suggestion of the maternal, copies of celebrated pictures, as of Mona Lisa, the girl with the broken pitcher, Duchess of Devonshire, Girl With the Muff and Carmencita.

Miss Thing is an extraordinary creature, most extraordinary when she is at home. In a little room, the sign over the door announcing "Celeste et Cie," her fancy having appropriated the designation, she dispenses simple remedies to the poor and the sick, or she will act as barber. Hanging on the walls, are the four boxes in which sleep the waifs who listen with joy, on occasion, to her telling of the story of Cinderella, and who were confident of and hopeful of her in that very capacity.

Ill and feverish Miss Thing seated on her doorstep, has her dream of appearing at court and marrying the Prince. The ceremony is performed by the Penguin, as Bishop, who, stuffed, it must be remembered, inhabited the studio. The King is an ordinary person in his extraordinary robe and the Queen is Mrs. Maloney of the neighborhood. The Prince is the Policeman, all this being the very stuff for a feverish dream. With its comicalities that never approach the burlesque, this part of the play is delightful to old and young.

Just as we have Barrie in his unique fulness, so we have Maude Adams at her quaintest and truest.

Norman Trevor, as the Policeman, kept well within the difficult limits of his part, without a hint of travesty, and was admirable.

Morton Selten, as Mr. Bodie, of the studio, and Robert Peyton Carter as a Coster, were among the excellent ones necessarily subordinated to Cinderella. At Cinderella's reception at Court she had for unsuccessful rivals the celebrated pictures, come to life, of the Studio. The lovely and quaint scene of the Policeman's proposal is at the cottage where Cinderella is convalescent, having been taken there from the doorstep, in her fever.

CRITERION. "SEREMONDA." Drama in four acts by William Lindsey. Produced on January 1st with this cast:

and the second s
VidalRobert Gottschalk
C'araSonia Marcelle
BerguedanBrigham Royce
Guida
Ermengarda Katherine De Barry
GuilhemRobert W. Frazer
SeremondaJulia Arthur
Raimon
BarralBenjamin Kauser
Aimar
PeireWilliam J. Kane
AdelleLouise Waller
AmfosFrederick Dunworth
Ugo
Timon
Marthe

THERE must still be, in New York's great world of theatregoers, a considerable number whose needs rise above the level of kitchen comicalities, philosophic banalities, and farcical futilities.

Well, if there is, the sign post is out at the Criterion where the regally handsome Julia Arthur is holding forth in a twelfth century romantic drama of old Roussillon, written by William Lindsey and called "Seremonda."

Some of my esteemed critical contemporaries are quite violent in that the text of this well-knit, straightforward play of passion and revenge is not "inspired." It may not measure up to the high standard of "inspiration," but it is certainly ably writ. The dialogue is cinched in graceful, fluent verse, appropriate to both speaker and action. Can more le asked for in these petulant days? The story is a basic one, but the interest is sustained and the movement pregnant with dramatic purpose.

As the wife, stolen at a bloody altar, who, thinking her savage lord is killed, allows her heart to go forth to a faithful troubadour, and thereby figures in a catastrophe of poetic frenzy, Miss Arthur is a compelling figure of mediæval sweep and beauty. It is a figuration in which brain and technic work in fine accord.

The bloody, passionate Lord of Roussillon is boldly sketched by Alphonz Ethier, while the faithful troubadour is expressed with genuine conviction by Robert W. Frazer.

Two rival singers are personated with skill by Brigham Royce and Robert Gottschalk, while the heroine's self-sacrificing sister has a sincere exponent in Ivy Troutman. Katherine De Barry, Sonia Marcelle and Benjamin Kauser help to es-

tablish a well-balanced and thoroughly efficient assemble.

Homer Emens is an artist of the first rank. His four sets are gems of sensitive pictorial expression. The costumes are equally rich, appropriate and beautiful.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "Gamblers All." Play in four acts by May Martindale. Produced on January 1st with this cast:

Sybil Campbell....Mona Hungerford
Robert Langworthy....Philip Tonge
Ruth Langworthy...:Ernita Lascelles
Richards (Butler)....Elwyn Eaton
Harold Tempest.....Ronald Squire
Sir George Langworthy,
Arthur Chesney

Arthur Chesney
Lady Langworthy ... Muriel Starr
Millicent Hope ... Beatrice Terry
John Leighton ... John Miltern
Mrs. Stocks ... Daisy Belmore
Major Stocks ... Harry Ashford
Fox ... Charles Chappell
Freddy Tiewell ... Harold De Becker
Molly ... Maude Snyder
Dolly ... Estelle Thébaud
Police Inspector ... Charles Shannon
Bates ... Francklyn Hurleigh

GAMBLERS ALL" are we poor, playgoers, especially when we attend first-nights. It's a game that can't be beat, the percentage against us being about ninety-seven. The only sure "system" is to stay at home. In the "Gamblers All" of May Martindale, daughter of the author of "Jim the Penman," once again we lose.

By way of varying the figure, I might add that this naïve and puerile melodrama is a sort of prehistorie ark afloat on an antediluvian ocean of prattle. Never does the chatter become amusing. Never does the melodrama thrill.

Lady Langworthy, a card fiend, is married to a stock broker, who is a gambling hater. He follows her one night to a gilded palace of chance, and everybody is arrested in a raid. Thereafter, the husband makes life miserable for the wife. Her scapegrace brother forges for her sake, and she is on the point of sacrificing herself to a rich lover to save brother. But when the apex of the triangle finds out that Lady Langworthy doesn't love him, he sends her home to hubby and burns the forged check.

The plot is obviously an antique, and the dialogue is usually piffling. Worse still, the characters, with few exceptions, are both rotters and bores.

The best of the acting is done by Ronald Squire as the scapegrace brother. John Miltern plays the rich lover and dwells as ever affectionately on every third vowel.

Miss Muriel Starr realizes the

possibilities of her rôle as Lady Langworthy.

PARK. "THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR." Comedy in five acts by Shakespeare. Presented on January 8th with this cast:

C1 T 1 T 1 C C C C T 1 A TT/
Sir John FalstaffThomas A. Wise
Mistress FordConstance Collier
Mistress PageIsabel Irving
Ford
PageGordon Burby
Anne PageVera Fuller Mellish
Mistress QuicklyAuriol Lee
FentonAlexander Onslow
ShallowJ. L. Walsh
SlenderBarry Macolum
Sir Hugh EvansRobert Craig
Dr. CaiusMarcel Rousseau
Host of the Garter Inn Fuller Mellish
BardolphTracy Barrow
PistolJack Terry
Nym
SimpleLavid Lindsay
RugbyRussell Morrison
RobinLottie Dewey
First ServantAlan North
Second ServantRichard Mattox

IF William Shakespeare could only have taken English forty-seven at Harvard, he would have known better than to write the third act of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" twice

The Bard, however, not only lacked such a privilege, but had also to dash off his farce in a great hurry, we are told, at the command of Good Queen Bess. His sins of dramatic composition, therefore, are forgiven, especially in view of the fact that he—with Silvio Hein—has provided Thomas A. Wise with the opportunity to play Falstaff again.

It is a splendid characterization that Mr. Wise brings to the fat knight, better now even than it was last season, rich and jolly and mellow. It deserves to take rank with such land marks as Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle.

As Mr. Wise himself said in a curtain speech, when Silvio Hein left off composing songs to become a producer of plays, he started at the top—with Shakespeare. He has given "The Merry Wives" a creditable production without futurist settings. For this fact and for most of the cast he has chosen he deserves much thanks.

Miss Collier and Miss Irving make as merry a pair of wives as you could wish. As Mistress Quickly, Auriol Lee is alluring, and Barry Macolum gives a highly amusing interpretation of the effeminate Slender. W. Lawson Butt, who is much addicted to Shakespeare, lends a fine voice and bearing to the part of Ford, but his work is marred by a tendency to inarticulate rant.

The production is pitched—properly enough—in a boisterous key.

There is much comic encounter, that of Simple and Rugby in the second act eliciting roars of merriment. Mr. Wise and his company get all the real fun out of "The Merry Wives" -and that, I should estimate, means rather more than there is in any half-dozen other plays on Broadway.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. эн Т∵ LODGER." Comedy in three acts by Horace Annesley Vachell. Adapted from the novel of the same name by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. Produced on January 8th with this cast:

Mrs. Bunting... .Berlyl Mercer Bunting. . Harry Ashford . . Phyllis Relph Irene Harding.
Tom Bunting. . Harold BeckerFrederick Annerley Inspector Stone.....Frank Howson Policemen, Morgan Kelly and Charles Phillips

THE LODGER" is another mystery farce, but the mystery is very mild, and so is the farce. As usual, it is billed as a comedy, although it is composed merely of a group of typical caricatures in mistaken identity situations.

A woman-slayer is being sought in Bloomsbury. Along comes an erratic gentleman, who rents an apartment in an ex-butler's establishment. takes long walks at night, carries a mysterious bag, owns a revolver, and otherwise affords circumstantial evidence that he is the murderer

The fun comes when the lodging house keeper and his wife-especially his wife-begin to suspect the stranger. This fun is very much interfered with while the lodger makes love at great length to a young authoress in straits.

When the police finally descend upon the lodger, he turns out to be an intimate friend of the com-missioner of police. Not only that -he is a peer of England! And the poor authoress is graduated from the University of Hard Knocks with the degree of Countess of Twyford.

Verbosity and repetition come near to sinking the ship. It receives first aid, however, from Berlyl Mercer, who does excellent low-comedy work as the mistress of the lodging house, in whom terror and curiosity wage a fearsome battle. She is ably seconded by Harry Ashford as the ex-butler.

Lionel Atwill and Phyllis Relph, producers of the piece in New York, have seen fit to star themselves. They are probably alone in this estimate. Mr. Atwill is gifted, but monotonous and conventional as the absent-minded peer. Miss Relph's chief distinction is that she does all her talking right up under the roof.

LYCEUM. "HER HUSBAND'S WIFE." Comedy in three acts by A. E. Thomas. Revived on January 8th with this cast:

.Norma Mitchell Richard Belden Eugene O'Brien Irene Randolph....Laura Hope Crews Emily LadewMarie Tempest

S IX years ago when A. E. Thomas' comedy, "Her Husband's Wife," was produced at the Garrick, New York received it with mild acclaim. Six months ago when it had its first hearing in London the Britishers waxed enthusiastic. Believing that the time was ripe for its revival Henry Miller is bringing it forward again, this time at the Lyceum.

It is unnecessary to retail the plot of Mr. Thomas' comedy, for a comedy it is in the very best sense. Based on a capital idea, probable and human, it makes for genuine entertainment.

Laura Hope Crews, who has been identified with it since its première, is again the wife, who, fearful that her end is near, picks out her successor, only to find that life is worth living if her memory is not to be effaced. It is only fair to say that Miss Crews is one of the best of our native comediennes. Resourceful and illuminative, she enacts her rôle with brilliant variety and assured technical command.

The arch, impudent and finished art of Marie Tempest finds a capital outlet in the "selected successor."

W. Graham Browne was amusingly intelligent as the husband, Eugene O'Brien joyously exuberant as the brother, while Henry Kolker peared as Uncle John, Mr. Miller's original rôle.

PRINCESS. "'CEPTION SHOALS." Play in three acts by H. Austin Adams. Produced on January 10th with this cast:

BlakeCharles Bryant Maude Edith Speare Smoot Mitchell Lewis Eve Nazimova
Job Henry Harmon

AUSTIN ADAMS, who H. wrote this doleful, obstetrical drama in which Mme. Nazimova opened her present season on Broadway, was a pastor before he began writing plays. Apparently the call of the pulpit is still strong within him, for he shouts with a megaphone commonplaces of human conduct which Owen Davis learned by heart when he was a child.

The play deals with sex ignorance. But why waste time on such a subject when the present generation of girls already know more than their grandmothers? Such lines as "There must be no deception about conception" spoken by the hero, give some idea of the quality of the dialogue.

Nazimova plays the part of Eve, a girl full of the joy of living, who has spent her entire life within the confining limits of a lighthouse, her sole companion being her uncle, a religious old scoundrel, whose one aim is to keep Eve ignorant as to the facts of life. With budding womanhood the maternal instinct expresses itself. The girl is consumed with the desire to know the outside world. Her opportunity comes when a motor boat is marooned on the sand shoal.

Blake, the débonair young skipper, has a passenger, a young woman, unmarried, who is about to become a mother. Eve, attracted by the boat's lights, swims to the shoal. arriving just in time to be initiated into Life's greatest mystery.

She falls desperately in love with Blake, who appears to her little less than a god, and they return to the lighthouse together to confront Job, the Tartar uncle, who refuses to have anything to do with the newcomers and gruffly bids them depart. Blake sails away, but promises to return for Eve. The wily uncle writes to Blake saying that Eve is dead. The girl waits in vain for her lover to return. The play ends gloomily, Eve murdering her uncle, and she herself committing suicide by walking into the sea, clinging to a bit of rag which she fancies to be

Although the art of Mme. Nazimova is not seen at its best, this gifted actress is always interesting. In intelligence, depth of feeling, intellectual power, she ranks high among the best actresses of our day. The part of Eve is quite different to other Nazimova rôles. No longer the pallid, cigarette smoking neurasthenic, tossing off epigrams, she is seen as a young virgin, astonishingly slight and girlish looking. In Act I she emerges dripping from the sea. clad merely in an abbreviated bathing suit, looking like a fragment of seaweed.

The cast is small, but well acted in every part. Special mention must be made of Henry Harmon, whose impersonation of the fanatical old lighthouse keeper, is one of the best bits of acting seen on the local stage in many a day.

FULTON. "IN FOR THE NIGHT." Farce in three acts by James Savery. Produced on January 11th (Concluded on page 128)



Maude Adams

Act II. Cinderella and the policeman toast the king in milk

GALLI-CURCI-THE NEW OPERATIC SENSATION

By LUCY FRANCE PIERCE



ME. AMELITA GALLI-CURCI, the new Italian coloratura soprano, now the rage and sensation of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, won international fame in a single night.

Called a discovery of Director Cleofonte Campanini, her great opportunity was made for her by the intercession of her sister artiste, Mme. Rosa. Raisa. In Buenos Aires last season they appeared together. The Polish singer was struck by the wonderful beauty of the Italian's voice.

Raisa appealed to Campanini; he brought the young Italian to Chicago along with Raisa, Crimi and Rimini from the Argentine metropolis.

Unheralded and unknown, a veritable "dark horse," she was cast for Gilda in "Rigoletto."

That night in late November will remain an unforgettable one in the memory of those who witnessed Galli-Curci's début in North America. When she finished singing the "Caro Nome" an unparalled demonstration was accorded her, a perfect pandemonium of wild cheering and applause that thundered for twenty minutes throughout the great opera house. No popular idol in politics may boast of a more stupendous ovation.

A few nights later as Lucia the singer won even a greater triumph. After the flute duet in the "mad scene" the great body of spectators in the auditorium rose *en masse*, fairly screaming their bravos.

It was a thrilling hour of victory both for the little unknown Italian girl and for those who helped to make that stupendous hour possible. It is now generally conceded that another very great voice has been given to the world—one destined perhaps to achieve the dazzling fame of another Patti.

The consensus of critical opinion places Galli-Curci to-day in a group with Melba, Sembrich and Tetrazzini. Her voice, three octaves in range, is generally admitted to be more pure and beautiful than that of Tetrazzini; while the singer is able to vocalize with the same consummate technical skill of Sembrich.

Yet this young Spanish-Italian girl not yet twenty-seven years of age is entirely self-taught. Born in Milan, she was educated at the Milan Royal Conservatory as a pianiste. On her graduation she first began to realize that she was gifted with a natural singing voice of wide range and singular beauty. Impoverished circumstances forbade her taking singing lessons. Wandering one day through a forest near Milan she heard a nightingale trilling. At once she decided to imitate that remarkable warbler and to teach herself. Day after day she practiced quite alone, wholly unaided and without advice, without inspiration save the marvelous notes of the wood birds.

Finally she sought the director of the Costanzi Theatre in Rome and asked for an opportunity. She made her début at that theatre in "Rigoletto." Her success was instantaneous. During the same season she appeared in Turin and various smaller cities in Italy; she was then engaged for a sea-

son in the Royal Opera House at Barcelona; this appearance was followed by three seasons in Buenos Aires, her entire experience to date as an operatic singer covering a period of five years.

The quality of Galli-Curci's voice is so exquisitely pure that it haunts the memory long after it thrills the senses. Each note is so sweet, so seductive in timbre, so alive in searching melody that it seems to hang in the air like a liberated spirit reverberating its strange essence over and over again. In this respect, in its haunting loveliness, like the notes of the very nightingale that inspired it, it seems to live alone—unparalled, unapproached in the whole great world of song.

Petite in stature, slender as a reed, her sad eyes full of the tragic melancholy of a Duse, Galli-Curci fairly breathes histrionic temperament. She not only beautifully visualizes every lyric rôle she essays, but she plunges into the very soul of the character projecting with fine skill every emotion. She is, in brief, an unusually intelligent actress as well as a great singer bringing poise and sincerity into each of her characterizations. Her Juliet, Gilda, Lucia, Violetta, Lakme—each in turn is a well-rounded adroitly finished portrait a living creation of fascinating, or commanding, or romantic womanhood.

In private life Galli-Curci is the wife of the young Italian painter, the Marquis Curci; she is a citizeness of the world speaking six languages, including English; she has intellect and charm and great vivacity of mind.

FRENCH ACTOR SCORES IN A JAPANESE PLAY

By ADA PATTERSON



N "Bushido," the tragedy presented by the Washington Square Players, Matsuo, the Japanese nobleman, suffers his own beloved son to be slain for reasons of state, and when the child's severed head is brought to him, looks upon it with emotion repressed though tremendous, and pretends to recognize in it the features of another. It is one of the greatest dramatic moments ever conceived, and the actor entrusted with the rôle rose superbly to it. His portrayal of the statesman who sacrificed his son to his country is one of the most satisfying stage portrayals American audiences have ever seen.

For two years José Ruben was a pupil of the Conservatoire. He joined the company that presented plays at the Théâtre Libre. He went next to the Odéon to work under Antoine.

"At the Théâtre Libre I learned that to absorb the atmosphere of the play, to acquire the mystic aura of it, is even more necessary than to master the character," he says of that valuable apprenticeship to art. "From Antoine I learned reality, the reality of life and of the stage that portrays it."

The story of how Mr. Ruben chanced to come to America with Mme. Bernhardt six years ago is a story of youth's bounding ambition. He had been for two years with Antoine. He had played many parts, but, it seemed to him he played none.

"Bernhardt engaged me for her company. We came to America. I learned much in my tours with her. But most of all, I learned that con-

viction and sincerity are the chief assets of the stage."

When the ship that bore the Bernhardt company was out of sight, the youth hied himself to the office of a manager to whom he bore a letter from Bernhardt's American manager, William



White José Ruben as Matsuo in "Bushido"

F. Connor. That manager was engaged with Mary Anderson de Navarro and Robert Hichens who had collaborated on the play, "The Garden of Allah." The young man's American-French spirit, backed by his unquestioned ability, secured for him an engagement as the young Arab in the Hichens play. For two years he remained with it until Mme, Yorska wooed him into vaudeville. He joined the French Theatre movement in this country. "Pictures" next claimed him. The Washington Square Players sought him. He accepted an engagement when it was promised that he might play a variety of parts.

"I shall endeavor to show that I can play more than one kind of part well," he said. The Washington Square Players engagement at the Comedy Theatre afforded him the opportunity to play the temperamental husband in "Lover's Luck" and the tragic rôle of the Japanese statesman, also the lover in "Another Way Out."

"Why did you remain behind in America?"

"Because it is so wide a field and gives an actor so great an opportunity," he answered, his face kindling with young enthusiasm. "In this country you are limited by nothing. Not even your mountains. You can climb them. Nor your seas. You sail them. You have the greatest dramatic future of any stage in the world. For your age you have gone farthest in that art. Of a certainty I shall stay and go on being an American-French actor."



From a portrait, copyright, Victor Georg

M M E . G A L L I - C U R C I

THE new Italian coloratura soprano who has created a sensation in Chicago. Critical opinion in the West generally concedes that this discovery of Diector Campanini of the Chicago Opera Company has given a very great voice of the world—one destined perhaps to achieve the dazzling fame of another Patti

LITTLE THEATRES AND BIG IDEAS

By RANCHOLT WARSDEN



QUESTION of general interest in the world of the stage to-day is whether out of the pill-box theatre there is to come the tonic that will restore our decrepit and invalid drama. At all events, it is apparent that within a few years the mountain of make-believe has labored and brought forth a very vigorous and active little mouse which has skurried hither and thither on many alarms and excursions calculated to make the solemn and inmovable mountain tremble to its base.

Naturally, the little theatre has but one thing to accomplish in order to become a dangerous rival of its big brother—or mother; it must pay. At first it didn't pay—or did so, at best, rarely. But in recent months in more than one instance it has demonstrated that it can produce what the commercial theatre would call uncommercial plays and profit by them.

Perhaps the example of the Washington Square Players is the most noteworthy. Beginning as a group of amateurs of the drama and of acting, housed in an out-of-the-way Bandbox of a playhouse, this institution has so commanded public interest and the public purse that it now competes boldly and successfully with Broadway and on—or rather, just off—Broadway.

It is almost a community organization. Everybody connected with it either writes plays or stages them or acts in them or manages them or paints scenery for them or designs costumes or ushers or does something or several somethings for an art in which his chief interests lie and to which his talents are devoted.



THE Washington Square Players gave their first performance at the Bandbox Theatre, February 19, 1915. They had announced that they would play twice a week only, but from the first the playgoing public demanded extra performances. At the end of the season they had played forty-three times, in three different bills, and they held the unique record of having played always to sold-out houses. No wonder Broadway began to sit up and take notice!

During that first season the only names on the payroll were of one stage hand and one office boy. Nobody objected to work of whatever sort. The leading lady was not too proud to make her own gowns, the managing director to address post-card announcements, or the principal authors to paint "flats" and "props."

These condescensions bore fruit the next year in the form of living wages and a regular honest-to-goodness theatrical season. Once again nothing but success. People whom the ordinary theatre merely bored stiff flocked over to the more or less inaccessible region of Fifty-seventh Street and Second Avenue—just as more recently they have braved the wilds of the Bowery and Grand Street for the sake of the Neighborhood Players—and the financial problem of the Washington Square outfit was more than solved. The following year—the fall of 1916—they could do with no less than the Comedy Theatre in the midst of the theatrical district.

Of course, even then the wiseacres of the drama looked dubious and shook their heavy heads. It had all been so fresh and spontaneous and amateur and dilettante, if you get what we mean, in the beginning, they said. Now either commercial success would spoil these untutored Greenwich Villagers or—they wouldn't have any

commercial success. As usual the wiseacres of the drama were consistently wrong.

After a somewhat slowish start the new season burst forth gloriously with a bill of four one-acts that looks as if it might not have to be replaced for months. Meanwhile, across the street from the theatre the management has leased an office building and housed in it a real workshop theatre. There they design and build scenery and execute costumes not only for themselves but for other productions. And there also they have inaugurated the Washington Square Players' School of the Theatre. May it do as much for acting in this degenerate day as the Players and their playwrights and directors have done for the drama!



A S for such dramatic results—well, the Washington Squarers have demonstrated that there is a place in America for the one-act play which is not merely a hackneyed vaudeville sketch crammed full of ancient if not honorable "hokum," nor yet necessarily a Grand Guignol thriller making a violent onslaught upon the general spine.

This little group of serious swinkers has further shown us the need and value of such masterpieces as Maeterlinck's "Interior," the Japanese tragedy "Bushido," home-grown products like "The Clod," and scintillant and satiric skits like "Another Way Out." In short, it has opened the stage-door to a multiplicity of novel and important material to which the usual theatre is barred. It has even begun to let down the bars in some instances, pieces like "The Magic City" having been substituted on occasion for the mechanical and lifeless one-act "drama" of big time vaudeville.

But not vaudeville only has felt, or is going to feel, the rejuvenating power of the theatrical pill-box. Little playhouses of the 299-spectator-power type have also broached the three-and four-act drama, with significant results. Mr. Ames with his Little Theatre has done more for the stage than did Mr. Ames with his mammoth New Theatre. One need only recall among his productions the charming "Prunella," the delightful "Pair of Silk Stockings," and the heart-taking "Pierrot," which, though first done at the Booth, is—for America, at least—distinctly a Little Theatre achievement.



A ND then, in New York alone, there is the Bramhall, quaint and captivating, in which Mr. Butler Davenport has given us unusual, if not always inspired, pieces of his own composition; the Bandbox, where Mr. Douglas J. Wood has labored valiantly in behalf of the drama of ideas; the Neighborhood, whose productions of Shaw plays short and long have made it so powerful a competitor of Broadway that the Great Trite Way has had to invite Miss Kingston all the distance up from Grand Street; the Provincetown Players, who set no limits on their audacity in performing what they feel is worth while; and—not to mention various others—the Portmanteau Players of Mr. Stuart Walker, of whom more—when we have paused for breath.

During the first half of the 1916-1917 season the conspicuous names have undoubtedly been Shaw and Dunsany—or rather, Dunsany and Shaw. It is the Portmanteau Theatre—housed at the Princess—that has given us most of our Dunsany. "The Gods of the Mountain," "The Golden Doom," and "Argimenes and the Unknown Warrior" thus far stand to Mr. Walker's credit. Nothing else in town, I am quite sure, has been accorded so much free and deserved publicity.

Well, the commercial theatre has had six or eight years in which to discover and produce Dunsany. His "King Argimenes" was actually performed here in New York some six years ago by a group of revolutionary amateurs. Now it is making money for Mr. Stuart Walker and his backers, while "Our Little Wife" and "Margery Daw" and "Broadway and Buttermilk" and "Backfire" and "Under Sentence" and "The Intruder" and "Arms and the Girl" and "A Pair of Queens" and "The Flame" have had managerial money spent on them in floods and to no avail. Meanwhile, our most talented producer, Mr. David Belasco can lift his eyes no higher lately than "The Boomerang" "Seven Chances," and "Little Lady in Blue."

Mr. Stuart Walker packs not only blg and well-done plavs, but Hope for the Drama in his Portmanteau. May Heaven prosper him! The Portmanteau, by the way, is "the theatre that comes to you"—providing you are a millionaire and own a villa. Nevertheless, we can all go to it while its miniature stage is set up on one of our public platforms—as it is likely to be for some time. Dunsany, it is to be remembered, is only one of his gifted authors.



THE Neighborhood Playhouse in Grand Street is thus far responsible for two more Dunsany pieces, "The Queen's Enemies," in which a gifted amateur, Miss Lewisohn distinguished herself before yielding her rôle to a professional actress, and the entralling playlet, "A Night at an Inn." In addition, this dramatic pillbox has afforded us, with the expert aid of Miss Gertrude Kingston, Shaw's "Great Catherine" and "The Inca of Perusalem." When the public compelled the removal of the triple bill from the East Side to the Maxine Elliott, the Neighborhooders promptly put on another play of big ideas in "The Married Woman" by Chester Fernald.

"The Married Woman" is one of the brightest as well as the most thought-provoking comedies New York has seen in several seasons.

Dear, dear, here I am at ever so many hundreds of words, and I haven't said a thing about the Nine O'Clock Theatre, the misadventures of which have at least furnished New York playgoers with much amusement. But we shall have to pass it over this time, along with the Little Theatres of Philadelphia (which once even ventured in the midst of the reign of dull realism to produce an historical romance, "His Majesty, the Fool"), of Boston, of Chicago, Milwaukee, Los Angeles, Indianapolis, and dozens of other cities, and all the community theatres like that of Northampton, which, by the way, our own dear Brooklyn hopes soon to duplicate.

Out of the mouths of these theatrical babes and sucklings cometh the prophecy of better dramatic things. And, moreover, into their box offices goeth real money. Result: the best writers will soon turn their attention to the small stages, and then the small stages will become the big stages.



Photo Valentine

Leslie Austen

Alice Lewisohn
Scene in Lord Dunsany's play "The Queen's Enemies," demonstrating that elaboration
of scenery and costumes is not beyond the resources of the Neighborhood Playhouse



Photo White

Scene in "Gammer Gurton's Needle," a Portmanteau Theatre play, showing the extreme simplicity of the stage setting. The players from left to right are: McKay Morris, Judith Lowry, Gregory Kelly, Lew Medbury, Florence Wollersen

THE AMERICAN PREMIERE OF "FRANCESCA DA RIMINI"



HATEVER the final rating of "Francesca da Rimini," Riccardo Zandonai's latest opera, which had its American première at the Metropolitan Opera House on Friday evening, December 22nd, may be, the fact that it shows advancement in the art of opera making entitles it to serious consideration from all who are interested in modern musical development.

Even its most ardent admirers admit that it is not a perfect music drama. Unfortunately, it contains a second act. If it had only a first and a third, no doubt its composer would have a much higher standing at the present moment. But the second act contains a battle scene. The poet, Gabriele d'Annunzio, who wrote the play from which the libretto was taken, is responsible, it is said. Zandonai wanted to leave that part of the story out of his opera, not only because it is unnecessary to the dramatic action, but because it is entirely unfitted for musical treatment. A battle simply cannot be described in music. D'Annunzio, however, objected and it was retained.

But aside from the second act, and from the fact that the composer has not put enough suspense, enough power into the last final tragic scene, "Francesca da Rimini" is a delightful opera. Some of its music is exceedingly beautiful, and some of its scenes are thrillingly effective. So far the public has received it without agitation.

"Wait awhile," says Giorgio Polacco who prepared the opera for its first performance and who conducts it. "It is too complicated, and perhaps a bit too poetic to be ap-

preciated at first hearing."

THE theme of "Francesca da Rimini" is passionate love. The story has been treated by Boccaccio and by Dante and has some historical foundations, though it has been altered to suit the tastes of many writers who have used it. Plays based upon it have been presented in New York by Lawrence Barrett, Henry B. Irving and Otis Skinner as well as Eleanora Duse who appeared in the D'Annunzio version in Italian. Dozens of operas have been written before on the same subject, though none of them have lived long.

In Zandonai's opera, Francesca, a beautiful girl, is to be married for political reasons to a lamester, Giovanno. She is tricked into the marriage by being led to believe that it is Paolo, his handsome brother to whom she is betrothed. After the wedding the handsome brother and the young wife meet often. Their passion for each other, aroused before the marriage, increases with closer association. They have secret meetings. A younger brother, Malatestino, also in love with Francesca, learns of their affair and tells the husband, who by a trick traps the lovers, and kills them both in Francesca's apartment.

Almost everyone who has heard "Francesca" admits that the first act is beautiful, but many seem to think the opera begins and ends there. The

fine love music of the first scene of the third act seems a little too quiet and restrained for them. But as a matter of fact it is meant to be quiet in comparison with other operas in which the lovers sing loudly and put in a few high notes to show their deep feeling. The idea which Zandonai has used is similar to that of Debussy's "Pelleas and Mellisande." A true lover does not shout or throw his arms about wildly. The words are few, and often whispered.

Following this idea, Zandonai has written music that expresses love, but which does not require many words of explanation. The sentences are short and the impassioned arias few. His idea was not carried out with skill.



IOVANNI MARTINELLI, as Paolo, while GIOVANNI MAKETINESS, he sang the music very well did not seem capable of expressing deep passion without the customary high notes, and Mme. Frances Alda, in the title rôle, while she did act much better, was not entirely successful in bringing out the subtle meaning of the quiet love scene. Many persons have objected, because the scene ended with a few almost whispered words, instead of the usual long duet with a crash of the cymbals and the brass instruments playing fortissimo. But times have changed, and though the composer of "Francesca," who is only thirty-three years old, has not yet succeeded in writing a masterpiece, he has taken long strides in the right direction. His is a poetic conception of love. Words, music and ideas are woven together in a suggestive way rather than after a "cut and dried" pattern.

Tragedy, as yet, seems a little too difficult a matter for Zandonai. The last two scenes of the opera in which realism takes the place of poetry are not so well written as the first scene of the last act. The story is one that should grip the listener with its passion and tragedy, but somehow, the final curtain falls without that strange thrill which comes at the end of "Tosca," of "Boris Godunoff" or of "Cavalleria Rusticana," though the action is just as startling.

However, Zandonai is a musician of great promise. Giulio Gatti-Casazza, the general manager of the Metropolitan Opera Company, has called him "the successor of Verdi." As an orchestrator, he has few, if any, equals among Italian composers. The score is colorful, yet delicately put together. He has gained some fascinating effects through the use of some old instruments which give the idea of the "romantic middle ages" in which the setting of the opera is placed. Taken as a whole "Francesca da Rimini" is not a very impressive opera, but it has so many charming scenes that it is well worth a hearing. No Italian opera of recent years except "L'Amore dei Tre Re" has made so favorable an impression.



JUDGING from the enthusiasm which has greeted some of the old operas at the Metropolitan, the public is more interested in the melodious past than the dramatic present, operatically

speaking. It may be that it is Caruso and not the old music that holds the public, but whenever he sings "L'Appari" in "Marta" or "Una Furtiva Lacrima" in "L'Elisir d'Amore" his audiences applaud wildly. Even his fellow artists come to the opera house to hear them. At the first performance of "L'Elisir d'Amore" on December 30th, when it was presented for the first time since Alessandro Bonci and Mme. Bernice de Pasquali were heard together in it in 1910, Martinelli, Amato and de Segurola, three of his fellow artists. were seen applauding madly, and shouting "Bravo, Bravo" at the top of their lungs. The fact of the matter is that Caruso is singing as he never sang before. The "Golden" quality of his high notes is somewhat dimmed, and he does not attempt to sing great fortissimos, but there is more art, and more finish to his singing than there has ever been

Perhaps, it was for that reason that "L'Elisir d'Amore" was revived. There is little in it, except the last act in which the above mentioned aria occurs, to arouse much enthusiasm. It is cheerful and it is melodious. Except for that it has little to offer that can interest present-day opera goers.

In the matter of new artists, the present season has been very uneventful at the Metropolitan Opera House. Only one new singer of importance has been added to the list,

(Concluded on page 118)



White Giovanni Martinelli and Frances Alda in "Francesca da Rimini"



Taken exclusively for The Theatre Magazine © Maurice Goldberg

- A HAPPY MUSICAL GROUP - THE ZIMBALISTS

Efrem Zimbalist and Alma Gluck enjoying a few hours of domestic playfulness with their little daughter between their extended concert engagements. Zimbalist sways the multitude with his violin, Gluck charms thousands with her voice, but Baby Zimbalist's chief interest in life so far is her toy lamb

LORD DUNSANY-A SOLDIER PLAYWRIGHT

By PAUL MORRIS



HEN the war in Europe started and the eighteenth Lord Dunsany, man of letters, donned his captain's uniform, left his estate in Ireland, and departed for France to fight for the English, he was as little known as any quiet retiring Irish peer is expected to be.

But now, though the catalogue of the New York Public Library has listed only a few of his earlier works, and in England he has no great reputation as a writer, he is almost as much talked about among the theatrical people who frequent Broadway, as George M. Cohan or G. B. Shaw.

Several of his plays have been produced with sensational effect by the Portmanteau Theatre, brought by its founder, Stuart Walker, to the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, and transferred

later to the Princess Theatre, and by the Neighborhood Players, first in their own Playhouse on Grand Street and later in the regular theatre district in the Maxine Elliott Theatre.



ORD DUNSANY was first introduced to America in the anarchist quarter of the Greenwich Village section of New York. On a stage eight feet by ten, in the Free Theatre of the Ferrer School, known as the "anarchist's headquarters," several of his plays were presented about two years ago. But the first presentation to attract any attention was a performance of "The Glittering Gate" at the Neighborhood Playhouse a few weeks later. And when last season "A Night At An Inn," his latest dramatic work,

was produced at the same theatre all New York began talking about the soldier-dramatist, who, though fighting for England, seems to be unappreciated on the other side of the Atlantic.

Lord Dunsany is above everything, a poet, though he does not write in verse. In a recent letter to an American admirer he wrote: "You won't hear much about me in England because we are preoccupied with a war, but chiefly because in England we prefer our poets dead. We like them to mature in their coffins for about one hundred years like cheese before we take much notice of them. We understand cheese rather better than poetry. Of course, there isn't much poetry, if any, in 'A Night At An Inn,' but it is the principal ingredient of most of my plays."

This from a man who is fighting for England, who was wounded and recently, after spending several months in an Irish hospital, returned to the front

But to revert to the idea that his plays are poetic—there have been many other poetic dramas produced here recently, but none with such thrilling endings as those of Dunsany. He has treated fanciful subjects with such dramatic skill that the "punch" is just as sure as that of a realistic melodrama.

"A Night At An Inn" has been called "the best one-act play ever written," though the author professes a preference for "The Gods of the Mountain," which was presented by the Portmanteau Theatre. Though the latter is the more fanciful, there is a similarity in the idea, and in the way the suspense and the thrill at the end are produced in these two plays. The former tells of some sailors who having stolen a priceless ruby from a stone god in India and killed the pursuing priests who have trapped them to a lonesome inn in England, are brought to a mysterious death by the god himself, who appears to summon them, one by one, from their festivities at the inn.

In the latter play, seven beggars, who, finding their trade too unrenumerative, have impersonated seven stone gods come to earth, are one by one actually turned to stone, by the real stone gods, who have become angry at the insolence of the beggars.



LORD DUNSANY
A dramatist who has given something new to the theatre—a poetic play with a "punch"

In both cases there is a feeling that something supernatural is behind everything that happens, a mysterious god takes the affairs of mortals into his own hands.

To describe in a few words the charm of Dunsany's style, or the Oriental mystery which he infuses into his plays would be impossible. He has an original way of putting things. He is an individual artist. The cleverness, or is it genius, he possesses for mingling poetry and melodrama is amazing. Present day playgoers are not very enthusiastic about fanciful things, as they usually move too slowly, but Dunsany dreams plays that have action enough to keep the average person interested.



S TRANGELY enough, the love theme hardly ever enters into his stories. They deal with unseen forces—Fate, and the gods of, what we call, heathens. He is a humorist, but, his humor almost always has a pessimistic flavor. It is not light humor, but one might call it the "humor of the gods." Some unseen force is always playing tricks upon his heroes.

Perhaps the best example of this side of his work is found in "The Glittering Gate." Two burglars find themselves at the gate of Heaven. One is doomed forever to open beer bottles in search of something to drink, only to find when they are opened that they are empty. The other

with great difficulty manages to pry open the glittering gate. But as it swings wide nothing is revealed except stars and black night to satisfy his craving for a better life.

The list of Dunsany plays that have been produced in New York includes "The Glittering Gate," "A Night At An Inn," and "The Queen's Enemies," done by the Neighborhood Players, and "The Gods of the Mountain," "The Golden Doom," and "King Argimenes and the Unknown Warrior," done by the Portmanteau Theatre. Many persons, including most of the professional critics, liked the last mentioned work best. Here is the author's own idea of it written in a series of interesting letters to Mr. Walker of the Portmanteau Theatre last summer, when he was interned in the hospital. The play tells of a king

subjected to slavery, half starved and made to work at manual labor. Lord Dunsany wrote:



A RGIMENES' was the first play laid in the native land of my spirit," he wrote, "and, of course, it has a first play's imperfections, the most visible of which is, I fear, a downward trend from a fine scene of a King and his bone to a mere rounding off and ceasing, instead of rising the whole way, like 'The Gods of the Mountain.' Indeed, I think I wrote the whole play from a sudden fancy I had of a king in rags gnawing a bone, but that fancy may have come from an inner memory of a time when I, too, was hungry, sitting and sleeping upon the ground with other dishevelled men in Africa."

Because his plots deal with fanciful subjects, all sorts of allegorical meanings have been attributed to them. In another letter to Mr. Walker, he treats of the matter as follows:

"I may have written an allegory at some time, but if I have it was quite an obvious one, and as a general thing I have nothing to do with allegories.

"What is an allegory? A man wants the streets to be better or he wants his neighbors to have better morals. He can't say so straight out, because he might be had up for libel, so he says what he has to say, but he says it about some extinct king in Babylon. But he's thinking of his one-horse town all of the time. Now when I write of Babylon there are people who cannot see that I write of it for love of Babylon's ways, and they think that I am thinking of London still and our beastly Parliament.

"I will say first that in my plays I tell very simple stories—so simple that sometimes people of this complex age, being brought up to intricacies, even fail to understand them. Secondly no man ever wrote a simple story yet, because he is bound to color it with his own experience. Take my 'Gods of the Mountain.' Some beggars, being hard up, pretend to be gods. Then they get all they want. But Destiny, Nemesis, the gods, punish them by turning them into the very idols that they desired to be."

Dunsany writes only half-length plays and stories, but there is nothing small about his subjects or the way in which he treats them.



Louise Glaum is one of the first women in Southern California to attain the distinction of graduate-aero-pilot



Mabel Normand doesn't often "work" in the pictures on horseback, but takes her recreation this way



When Charles Ray gets into an exciting set of tennis they have to fairly drag him away from the net and racket



Marjory Wilson—how she rides! If you are motoring out Beverly Hills way or up the canyons from Hollywood, you had better watch out for Marjory and her Black Beauty



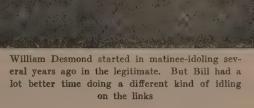
leads in the funny-masterpieces, enjoys the sport more at the studio or on the beach. She doesn't look unhappy, at least, in the surf



It looks quite natural to see "Bill" Hart in a sombrero. But we can hardly believe this individual in a bathing suit is the same popular movie man



The way Bessie Love is going at it, she puts the same interest into her tennis that she does into her work



WHY I PREFER EUROPEAN PLAYWRIGHTS

By ARNOLD DALY



T is not my fault that I have not appeared in more American plays. Of course, I have done a number, but many managers take good care that I don't get the rôle if a good one has been turned out by an American playwright. It is not from choice that I have appeared in more foreign plays than American, rather necessity.

But, when I come to think of it I am not at all sorry. I have had keen pleasure out of the rôles that Bernard Shaw, Barrie, Canon Haney, and Herman Bahr have given me. I can't say that I like my part in Shaw's "Candida," any better than the joyous young Doctor in "General John Regan," Canon Haney's play. Just now I have another Doctor rôle in "The Master." I'd almost say that this part interests me more than anything I have ever had, because "The Master" is a delightful, yet thoughtful play and at the same time is soundly constructed.

It is not remarkable that there are more good playwrights in Europe than there are in America. We can divide the Americans into two groups, the young men and the prostitutes. The young men know nothing of life; they are superficial. They make their characters superficial; they deal in superficial emotions and superficial situations. They remind me of a young man I heard talking the other night. The question of possible war with Japan came up. The young man said: "Huh, the Japs? We could beat them like that," and he snapped his fingers. He would beat the wonderfully prepared Japanese nation with a gesture. I told him we could do nothing of the kind? He said: "You are very unpatriotic."

That's the way it is with our young playwrights. They know nothing about life, they have no preparation to depict life on the stage. Yet they think they can turn out plays, conquering all. It is the same foolhardy spirit that would beat the Japanese nation, with a snap of the fingers. And again if you don't say they are wonderful, you are "unpatriotic."



THE trouble is they all think cheaply. Their advice is to have a popular success. Do something that will get a lot of money into the box office. Then after they have had this popular success, they tell you that they will sit back and do a fine play. They seem to think that to have a success, one must do something superficial and cheap. They are childish in their lack of knowledge of the human brain. You can't make a fool out of nature. You can't expect a woman to play fast and loose for five years and then suddenly be straight-unless a miracle happens. So it is with these young men. Seeking the big box office success, believing they have to write clap-trap to get it, they go on prostituting their talents until to do so becomes a part of their life. The day comes when they want to do the good thing, and they can't do it. They have been at the other too long. You can't make water run uphill. Our playwrights don't stick to nature; they do the artificial. Perhaps after all, that is virtue—the growing love of nature. Our young playwrights are as far away from it as they could possibly be.

Heaven knows, an artist doesn't invite poverty! He likes money and comforts as much as anybody else. But an artist doesn't like money enough to prostitute his art to get it. Our young playwrights all seem to think they have to write cheap superficial plays to gain success.

They don't seem to realize that the men with the big reputations began by writing just what they wanted to write, in just the way they wanted it—observing, of course, the technique of sound construction. And they wrote with no eye on the Almighty Dollar at the box office. The dollar came naturally. If the thing they wrote was big and sincere and powerful, they got their reward from the public.



O you think Eugene Walter had his eye on the box office when he did his first play, "Paid in Full," or that Edward Sheldon heard the jingling of the coins when he wrote "Salvation "Nell"? Both of these plays were big financial successes. They completely nailed down the lie, that a man has to write superficial clap-trap to receive the financial support of the American public. Can you imagine Bernard Shaw, Sir Arthur Pinero, Herman Bahr, Hauptmann, or Ibsen gaining the position they did, if they had said, as our young American playwrights do: "I'll first write a box office success, something that will please the public. Then I will sit back and do the fine thing."

The European playwright writes first to please himself. He has a big creative joy in this work. Nine times out of ten if he has sincerely written to please himself, it will please the public. Of course, provided he has talent. The Americans will not turn out good plays until they ignore the box office. Herman Bahr had no thought of the box office, when he wrote "The Master. He wrote this play satirizing a certain type of man more or less common in European capitals. This is the man who takes all of the philosophy of Frederick Nietsche so seriously that he imagines himself a Superman. He is possessed of an enormous ego. He is The Master. Everything else—pouf!

Bahr sought to show in this play that such a man no matter how powerful he may become, is likely to have everything tumble about him. At bottom, in the heart emotion, he is like most other men. When his wife, becoming terribly bored by his self-sufficiency, leaves him, his whole structure tumbles down. Now I doubt if ten per cent. of our audiences know Nietschean philosophy. Some of the lines in the play are philosophical, but the audience applauds. I can imagine reading those lines in manuscript form to some New York manager. "Can that stuff," he would say. "Do you think New York wants to hear that?"

But here at every performance of "The Master" we find that New York does want to hear it. That's one big mistake of American playwrights and managers. They underestimate the intelligence of the American public. The public are not the goats they are supposed to be in things theatrical. They show that they will rise to a good play and listen to a big subject. They don't have to be handed "hoakum."



BAHR, like most European playwrights, refuses to put on the conventional "happy ending" unless it is logical, unless it is the inevitable conclusion, because his characters are the people they are. In other words a European makes a play rise from the characters. Because they are such characters they do such things and create

such situations. The plot is caused by them. The American method is quite the opposite. Here plot is conceived first. Then characters are made to fit into the plot. In other words, the young American playwright goes absolutely against nature. Instead of making his people create the situations, he creates the situations and then puts puppets in them. That is why I like a European character. When you are playing it you feel it is alive. It is developing all the time. It is an actual living, breathing, human being—not a superficial creation of the theatre.

Oh, these happy endings! Defiers of life and logic. In "The Concert," Bahr made a happy ending because it was entirely logical—the musician being the kind of a man he was, his wife being the kind of woman she was. In "The Master" a happy ending would have been entirely illogical, so the last curtain does not find the leading man and the leading woman in the conventional embrace.

There is much meat in this rôle that Bahr has created. The play has an uplift "punch." It shows that we must become involuntary and that it is for God to think things out. It reasons that after all sloth is a good thing—to work yourself out of. That if the State pampers you, and if you are made a part of a great national efficiency, that you become inert, your mind goes to sleep. These are "preachments," but Bahr is such a clever dramatist that he puts them in to his play, giving body to it and at the same time, not boring the audience.

I was greatly amused to see one New York dramatic critic write of "The Master" that the author was evidently trying to show that "all men are polygamous by nature, which is both unpleasant and untrue."



THERE you have an example of the young man in the theatre. He does not know the difference between plot and subject. Because one situation in "The Master," one turn of the plot, brought in the "double standard," this critic at once judged that to be the theme of the play. It had nothing whatever to do with the subject matter; it was merely an incident of the plot. You find the same mistakes all through the work of young playwrights—this confusion of plot and subject theme.

European playwrights besides knowing more of life from the inside, know better the art of the theatre. They know more of construction and less of the mechanical devices so common on the American stage. We supplant character development with trick pistols. Our men are following the conventional standards of the managers instead of working things out for themselves. The Europeans do not have to cover a lack of art and ignorance of life by resort to falsity of character and substitution of trick, instead of dramatic situation.

Too often our playwrights discern what is current in the news—white slavery, crooks, mental telepathy, spiritualism, prison reform, dishonesty of big business and the Mexican frontier. Their process of writing a play is this; they think. "The newspapers are full of white slavery. Fine! I'll write a play on that. The people are reading about white slavery in the newspapers, therefore they ought to come and see my play." Never a thought of writing a play that simply because it is a big powerful (Concluded on page 118)



From a portrait by Sarony

E L S I E F E R G U S O N

Her recent marriage to Thomas Clarke, Jr., of the Harriman National Bank, and her portrayal of Shirley Kaye, the society girl, at the Hudson Theatre place Miss Ferguson high in the social register on stage as well as off

WITY VAUDEVILLE NEED NEVER FEAR THE MOVIES

By NELLIE REVELL



MUSICAL comedy favorite of years' standing, a Japanese prima donna, and an American beauty lent distinction to the new attractions which the past month brought into vaudeville. And a monologist who deserted to the ranks of the legitimate made a welcome return to the land of his theatrical origin.

This talented quartette, Fay Templeton, Haru-ko Onüki, Edna Goodrich and Julius Tannen, by name, demonstrated beyond all doubt why vaude-ville need never fear the movies—that modern amusement octopus which already has much of literature and drama in its grasp.

A drama of emotional scenes and tense situations can be reproduced on the screen with all its thrills. A psychological study character can be shown in five reels as easily as in five acts. The most eloquent paragraphs in literature have been equalled by the stupendous spectacles that the camera has presented to the eye. But the lilt of a song, be it sung, talked or syncopated; the evanescent fascination of the dance, classical or clog; the fire-cracker sparkle of repartee, known in vaudeville as "sidewalk conversation" or "patter"; and the brain gymnastics that make up the monologue—these are the bone and sinew of vaudeville. And undeniably

they completely defy the camera.

PICTURES may be made of Fay Templeton, but no "flicker box" can convey charm and simplicity of her personality as it flows into song. After some years' absence from the stage, Miss Templeton made her re-entrance into vaudeville with an array of new frocks and a new sheaf of songs. She played few Western cities, and reviewers waxed eloquent as of yore. Her appearance in New York brought a chorus of welcome from press and public. And there were many who cannot be called habitual theatre-goers that sought out the Palace because of their delightful memories of the famous "Mary." They took home a new budget of pleasant recollections; for Miss Templeton, despite the fact that her new songs cannot measure up to the famous ones of the past, has the knack of making melody out of most any notes and bringing sentiment out of most any ill-rhymed lyric. Whatever her vehicle vaudeville is the richer for her

presence.
Edna Goodrich, who justifies
her claims to queenship in the modern kingdom
of beauty, presented herself in dazzling fashion
in a playlet by Edgar Allan Woolf called "The
Manikin." The scene is laid in the show room
of an exclusive dressmaking establishment, Miss
Goodrich is a newspaper reporter masquerading
as a gown model in order to obtain a sob story
on the snares and pitfalls that beset maidens of
this calling. Four other characters mingle in the
complications, principally the proprietor of the
establishment who alternates the affectations of
his "business front" with a "behind their backs"

frankness that scorns flattery—an exposé which surely must shock ladies who patronize "gentlemen modistes." This rôle was admirably played by France Bendtsen.

While Miss Goodrich herself has not much to offer but gowns, she presented them in profusion. A scanty model of black and scarlet called the "Look Twice" décolleté and brief as to skirt, quite justified its name. A magnificent white wedding dress, a red and black velvet evening coat, and an ermine wrap worth a king's ransom were prize numbers in the exhibit. Lucille and Miss Goodrich must feel mutually grateful; for simple beauty unadorned can't hold a candle to beauty gowned by Lady Duff Gordon. Yet it is not often that her ladyship has the opportunity to set forth her handiwork on such striking brunette beauty.

The little Japanese prima donna was a beauty, too, in her quaint Jap way. She looked so petite in her gay brocade kimono, with a gorgeous curtain of gold embroidered silk stretching far to each side and high above her, that the audience fairly loved her before she opened her little Jap mouth. It was the clearest English that issued therefrom, sung in a full, sweet soprano voice—

will be glad to see her again. Indeed they will almost rise up in arms in her defence as witness an incident during her engagement at the Palace. It was during the close of Mile. Onuki's final song, the Tosti "Good Bye," that a party of four

song, the Tosti "Good Bye," that a party of four noisily made their way to seats in the third row. The whispered protests of ushers availed nothing; the four chatted in the aisle as the other occupants of the third row rose to let them pass. and when they achieved their seats they did not sink into them quietly, but stood removing wraps and rearranging their grouping, thus blocking the view of half the audience. The commotion was such as was impossible not to observe, and Haruko Onuki's farewell note died out and she was almost off the stage before the audience was aware of it. There was a burst of applause, but it was sympathetic rather than the tumult due the triumphant artiste. Mlle. Onuki's finish had been killed, to use the vaudeville vernacular. But a knight soon made his appearance in the guise of Julius Tannen. He wove into his chatter as neat and expert a denunciation of the impolite party as Cicero ever used on Cataline, and the audience demonstrated its concurrence in a ring of applause. Their little prima donna

had been avenged, and contented they lent ear to Mr. Tannen.



THE legitimate has claimed this ingenious monologist for a couple of years. But "Potash and Perlmutter" has returned him none the worse for he is as speedy and nimble-witted "Chatterbox," he as of old. calls himself, speaking out his droll philosophies, his naive observations as though they had just popped into his head. But the underlying structure of his monologue is as strong as ironwork, though as delicate as the vertebræ of a fish. He tricks and jokes and teases his audience; he is master of the art of half telling a joke. How the old-time inventors of the monologue with their solid anecdotes would be astonished at the maze of fun woven by this wit wizard. And as I said before, Mr. Tannen is one of the reasons why the movies can make slight inroads on vaudeville. True he may stand before the camera and be photographed, though Mr. Tannen himself would be the first to regret this unnecessary exposé of his countenance. But cameras cannot convey the stimulation, the sheer

convey the stimulation, the sheer virtuosity of his apparently guileless chatter-boxing.

Nor can cameras reproduce the syncopated personality of Blossom Seeley. Acquiring two pepful assistants, Billy Bailey and Lynn Cowan, Miss Seeley's act is no longer a "single." With its beautiful and striking settings, it becomes almost a production. The "syncopated studio" is an interior of black and white with Miss Seeley costumed in black velvet and white satin. A piano and a banjo well played by the company aid Miss Seeley (Concluded on page 120)



HARUKO ONUKI

The little Japanese prima donna who in her quaint Jap way is charming vaudeville audiences

a trained, authoritative voice. She was indeed prima donna; and one knew why she had been so successful in the big Hippodrome where she appeared earlier in the season. Haruko Onuki is her name and it will probably be seen topping vaudeville bills for many months to come. For the Jap mademoiselle possesses not only a rich voice (many a prima donna has brought that to vaudeville and found her engagement limited to one consecutive week), but the mysterious quality of vaudeville appeal. She holds audiences in rapt attention; they listen, they watch, and they



OLIVE THOMAS



RUBYE DeREAMER





DAISY DeWITT



MURIEL MARTIN

. Campbei

A BEAUTY QUARTETTE OF MIDNIGHT FROLICKERS

ELEVATING THE AUDIENCE

By CHARLTON ANDREWS



THE only way to elevate the stage is to elevate the audience. Every once in a while the truth of this ancient maxim is borne in upon a theatre-goer.

My most recent experience of the sort was at a performance of the Japanese play, "Bushido," by the Washington Square Players. At that most intensely tragic moment when the audience begins to realize the terrible sacrifice made by the father of the decapitated boy who has given his life to save his young master-at that moment when the lid is slowly raised from the box containing the severed head-the person who sat next to me, and who did not-understand!-come to the theatre with me, broke out into the audible and repeated whisper: "He's killed the wrong boy! He's killed the wrong boy!"

Then and there I came to the inevitable conclusion that the mentally incompetent ought to be barred from the serious theatre. For their own sake as well as for that of others. What business have the hen-minded wasting their time at plays written for reasonably intelligent people, to say nothing of spoiling the performance for those who can appreciate it? Obviously the henminded should confine their attention to poultry shows-of which we doubtless have so many because the hen-minded are in such preponderant majority.

Even though these persons hold their peacewhich they rarely do-their very presence in large numbers is inimical to the success of play and acting, which depends so largely on an atmosphere, subtle and dynamic, of sympathy and appreciation, of mutual interchange and collaboration between actors and audience. How can either be at their best-in front of the footlights or behind-when they feel always as they must, the gloomy dead weight of a vast and hopeless unintelligence bearing down upon every alert mind in the playhouse and slowly deadening it?



ECIDEDLY it is a mistake to enact real drama before mixed audiences. That is why the little theatre is the sine qua non of theatrical progress. But we must go farther than merely presenting good plays in little theatres: we must take steps to keep out the intellectually unfit. Don't say: "It can't be done!" It will be difficult and troublesome, but it must be tried.

Raising prices is of no avail. In our day and land, in fact, the best way to insure an audience of blatant stupidity is to make admission to the theatre impossible to all save the very rich. Intelligence is usually found in the cut-rate seats.

Neither will warning them to stay away avail. To advertise that "stupidity will not find itself at home in our playhouse" will only fill the house with solid ivory, which by virtue of being ivory always believes itself to be human brain.

So the only effective expedient is the Admittance Commission. It must be composed of experts. It will sit in a private room adjoining the box office and hold formal inquests into the mentality of persons who wish to buy tickets of admission. There will be an ever-varying list of questions, the responses to which will indicate the candidate's mental background, his degree of intelligence, his intellectual alertness, his capacity for appreciation, and his standards of theatregoing courtesy. If the commission rejects him and his application, he can seek entertainment elsewhere and, seated among his kind—his mental

kind, at least-get from primitive and rudimentary drama or spectacle such pabulum as fate has ordained that he shall be able to digest.

If the would-be-ticket-buyer is favorably passed by the Admittance Commission, naturally he need not undergo the ordeal a second time for that particular type of drama in which he has interested himself-unless, of course, he begins to show signs of deterioration. In the latter case, he should be re-examined when he next presents himself at the box office. But it must not be imagined that a certificate of fitness issued by any one commission should qualify the playgoer to buy tickets for any sort of entertainment. There are plenty of persons able to grasp the subtleties of Ibsen, for example, who should never be allowed inside the Winter Garden; just as vice versa.



T is conceivable that a playgoer, after he has been certified by several commissions judging the patrons of widely different types of entertainment, might be allowed to appear before a sort of Grand Joint Commission, which should meet on stated.occasions-say, monthly-and decide whether such a playgoer was of such catholicity of taste and appreciation and human intelligence that he might be officially authorized to buy tickets for any show in town.

The six or seven such exceptional mortals that would be discovered in the next ten or twelve years might band together and form the nucleus for an Academy of the Drama, which in future generations might devise further ways and means of elevating the stage by elevating the audience. Certainly holders of the Grand Certificate of Catholicity would be entitled to infinite public veneration.

As for the questions to be asked at the inquests, they would not be difficult to devise. They would have to change constantly, of course, so that one candidate might not coach a successor. I have not as yet had time to consider this phase of the subject closely, but I venture to submit certain specimen interrogatories that suggest themselves.

For applicants appearing at the Comedy, the Neighborhood, the Little, the Booth, and other theatres of their class, for example, the inquisitors might ask:

As to background:

Who was "Obermann"?

Why didn't Schopenhauer commit suicide?

Is David Belasco an artist?

Which of George Meredith's novels do you prefer, and why?

What did Thomas Love Peacock write?

How does he rank in comparison with Captain Leslie T. Peacock?

As to degree of intelligence:

Tell the meaning of this sentence from Henry James. (Any specimen will do.)

Whose poetry do you prefer-John Masefield's or Ella Wheeler Wilcox's? Why?

Do you consider George Jean Nathan a dramatic critic-or what?

Is Bernard Shaw really a playwright?
Did Bacon write Shakespeare?

Did the Kaiser start the war?

Is Robert Homer Jones a better scene painter than Joseph Urban?

As to intellectual alertness:

Name the sculptor of the Faun or Praxitiles?

Why did Shakespeare bathe the shores of Bohemia with an ocean?

Why does Oswald at the end of "Ghosts" cry for the sun?

Which is the more effective-"Fanny's First Play" or Besier's "Don"? Why?

Name one great American playwright.

Is George Broadhurst a dramatist?

Who wrote Cohan's 1916 Revue?

What is a "guffoon"?

Why have none of the plays you have written been produced?

As to capacity for appreciation:

From which New York critic do you obtain your personal views as to the merits and demerits of new plays?

Did Henrik Ibsen or Thomas A. Edison give the death-blow to the soliloquy on the modern

Is such a thing as surprise in the theatre possible after the première?

Do you belong to any little group of serious thinkers of thoughts theatrical? Why not?

Would you consider it a fair estimate of Sarah Bernhardt's voice to say of it that it was "just too cute for words"?

As to standards of theatre-going courtesy:

If you are six seats from the nearest aisle, how many times during the evening ought you to go out for a drink?

What business has a theatre-goer to smoke stogies?

During the play to what extent ought you to detail in advance to your companion the development of the plot?

In so doing how far should your voice reach? How long and loud should you applaud: (a) a patriotic speech; (b) a pacifist speech; (c) a moral speech; (d) the entrance of the star; (e) the discomfiture of the villain; (f) the high kicking of the chorus; (g) the tenor's top note; (h) the author who makes a speech; (i) the visiting soubrette in the stage box; (j) "Dixie"

When a joke is cracked, when should you laugh -immediately thereafter, one minute before, or



MY readers will doubtless think of many other and more pertinent test questions in these various divisions. And it is high time we were all making up our lists so that there may be something tangible to start with.

The plan being thus sufficiently outlined for a beginning, I shall close by answering a natural objection. Is there to be no hope of progress for the unfortunate? you may inquire. Is he to be condemned forever to a diet of mediocrity, without being given a chance to rise above his original plane? Certainly not. Examination at the hands of the various commissions should be free and unrestricted. Any man or woman should be allowed to come twice a week if desired. He should have every opportunity and encouragement to develop himself.

That, in fact, is the crux of the whole scheme. Once this program is afoot, playgoers will give up vying with one another in vulgar ostentation. It will no longer be regarded as a sufficient day's work merely to have been more rude, overbearing, shallow, and stupid than anyone else in the audience. Instead, the spirit of emulation turned into a (Concluded on page 120)



From a portrait by Sarony

ADELERROWLAND

Featured in "Her Soldier Boy," Miss Rowland's unique comedy methods have gained for her much popularity. Her characterizations in "The Only Girl," "Katinka," and "Nobody Home" were but the steppingstones to a straight comedy role in which she may shortly appear

EXCURSIONS THROUGH AN OLD SCRAP BOOK

Nº 3-DAN BRYANT

By WILLIAM SYKES





Dan Bryant in "The Irish Emigrant"

OOKING through the Scrap Book with Froggy the other day we found a clipping from the advertising columns of a New York paper, dated April 29, 1875, announcing a Benefit to be given for the relief of the family of the late Dan Bryant in eleven of the principal New York theatres. I had seen Bryant as a lad and asked Froggy to tell me something about him which he did.

Dan Bryant, born Daniel Webster O'Brien, was one of the most popular Negro Minstrels of his day, a day when that form of amusement was at its height.

He was born in Troy. N. Y., in 1833, the second of three brothers, Jerry, Dan and Neil, all of them black face comedians, and made his first appearance at the age of twelve as a dancer at



In Negro Song and Dance

the Vauxhall Gardens in the Bowery in a Minstrel Company that included Barney Williams, Charley White and his brother Jerry Bryant among its members.

He was successful from the start, playing in all the prominent minstrel companies of the day for the next ten years.

In the late fifties he and his brother Jerry leased Mechanic's Hall at No. 472 Broadway and organized Bryant's Minstrels in which Dan was the bright particular star. They remained here until 1866, one of the most popular places of amusement in New York.

In 1867 the Bryants took their company to California, remaining there a year and becoming very popular. They returned in 1868 and took a theatre on Fourteenth Street near Third Avenue where they remained two years and then removed to a house on Twenty-third Street, west of Sixth Avenue, where they enjoyed great popularity until Dan's death in 1875.

Dan was very versatile, a fine dancer and had a great command of both comedy and pathos.

Edwin Forrest, who was a great admirer of Bryant's, said that the pathos he showed in the part of the hungry negro in "Old Times Rocks" was almost tragic. On several occasions he had played Irish parts at benefits. His success was so great that his friend W. R. Floyd persuaded him to make his début as an Irish comedian which he did, at Wallack's Theatre in July, 1866, playing Tim O'Brien in "The Irish Emigrant," Handy Andy, and Miles-na-Coppaleen in "The Colleen Bawn," the engagement lasting four weeks.



HE continued playing a summer season in Irish comedy for several years, playing with his Minstrel Company in the winter season. He toured the United States in Irish comedy during the season of 1867-1868, also playing Dublin and Liverpool.

His repertoire consisted of "Handy Andy,"
"The Irish Emigrant," "Shamus O'Brien,"
"Bells of Shannon," "Rory O'More," "Arrah-naPogue," "Colleen Bawn," "White Horse of the
Peppers," "The Irish Lion," "More Blunders
Than One," and "Born to Good Luck."

His most popular characterizations were "Handy Andy," "The Irish Emigrant," and "Miles-na-Coppaleen."

On the occasion of his début as Tim O'Brien in "The Irish Emigrant" he wore the costume that John Drew the elder had formerly worn in the part. His handsome face, fine figure and his graceful dancing eminently fitted him for Irish comedy.

He was liberal to a fault, earning large sums of money during his lifetime and scattering it broadcast among his friends and acquaintances and he had a host of them both in and out of the profession, not only in New York but in every part of the country where he had played.

He was the idol of the Irish population wherever he played. He had all the lovable traits of the Irishman, impulsive, kind, charitable, witty and generous. At the benefit given to his family in eleven of the principal theatres of New York, hundreds of artists in every branch of the



Dan Bryant as himself

profession participated, John Brougham, Mrs. Barney Williams, Mrs. John Drew, Kitty Blanchard, Dave Reed, McKee Rankin, Chas. R. Thorne, Jr., Stuart Robson, John Gilbert, Harry Montague, Ada Dyas, Harry Beckett, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence, Harrigan and Hart, Johnny Wild, Billy Barry, Mlle. Aimée, Frank Mayo, Francis Wilson, then of the black face team of Mackin and Wilson, Billy Birch, Charley Backus and a host of others, all his friends.

He died at his home No. 20 East 60th Street, New York, April 10, 1875. Unselfish, genial, humorous, manly, charitable and kind, the memory of Dan Bryant will last long among the many honored names of those that have passed to the Great Beyond. God rest his soul.



In "Old Times Rocks"



SHIRLEY MASON

A silhouette of this graceful player who is being featured in McClure pictures

Potlight Pashions

By MLLE. MANHATTAN

COMEDIE - SALONS - MODES

T is an adage as old as a last year's gown-and certainly nothing is more hoary and veneral le than the wardrobe of "yesteryear-that extremes meet. If you never have realized the truth of this maxim I invite you to accompany me to the atelier of any one of half a dozen smart milliners who are dressmakers by royal appointment to her majesty the American woman. Here furs and skating costumes suggestive of polar weather with solid ice and drifting snow, are crowded side by side with filmy frivols for Palm Beach or St. Augustine and sables and chiffon meet and blend in perfect amity.

It is the expiring gasp which frenzied fashion holds her last mad revel before the sombre hand of Lent closes the door upon the social season of Fifth Avenue and waves her sceptre toward the South.

During the past few weeks scarcely a new frock has made its début at the opera except those worn by débutantes, and there has been a revolting monotony about the simplicity with which the newest buds have been launched in society. Accompanying this is a picture of Miss Rae Selwyn, whose stage costume in "Our Little Wife" has served as model for quite half the Photo Sarony



This widely copied model has held first place in the débutante wardrobe during the present Winter. A thou-sand variations have adapted it to all colors and fabrics



st compliment—which is imitation from the smartest girls of the younger set

gowns worn by the girls whose mothers have presented them since October.

The maidens who failed to copy this model in one variation or another, simply wore billows of white or pallid toned tulle, in deeply pointed flounces that fell from the waist to-well the length of this season's skirt has depended upon the beauty of the wearer's instep and ankle. As the débutante frock of the Winter invariably presages what the younger set will wear during the coming Easter season, a description of Miss Selwyn's gown will answer for the terms in which fashion will express itself during the coming weeks.

The favorite frock then, is, as worn by Miss Selwyn, a Bendel creation severe in its simplicity, of very supple silver cloth, as pliable and velvety as chiffon velours, it is made with a full round skirt and the simplest possible girdle-bodice with an oddly effective band crossing the upper arm in a quaint suggestion of a sleeve. Very beautiful silver passementerie with touches of gleaming color veiled in crystal beads form shoulder straps and a bretelle-like garniture that falls to the hip. A number of débutante frocks made on this model showed flat flowers-tiny roses and forget-me-nots-instead of this garniture, with a nosegay at the front instead of the jewelled ornament worn by Miss Selwyn. In the illustration you will notice that the stage gown has a deep flounce of flying-fox at the hem; this, of course, was omitted in most cases in adapting the model to the débutante.

Miss Frances Starr has no opportunity to show the frock of the hour in her present play, "The Little Lady in Blue," but she has achieved what is doubtless a quite unexpected hit in a charming period-bonnet-an 1824 effect, which Fashion has adopted and named the Frances Starr capote.

Tappé and Francois are making a number of variants of this fascinating little bonnet, which are most coquettish and becoming to youthful faces-but should be carefully avoided by girls of uncertain age. As worn by Miss Starr the little "poke"—for it is a carefully cut down specimen of that antiquated model—is, of course, all blue, but in white lined with faint coral, with heliotrope or primrose yellow with a coquettishly posed nosegay or chou, on the brim, it is exceedingly fetching and brings out the charm of the wearer's face as a well chosen frame aids to the effect of a

When I said that few new dresses had been shown at the opera, I did not, of course, forget that Mrs. Gordon Douglas has shown her appreciation of music by wearing some frocks of truly lyric loveliness of late. Miss Geraldine Farrar's reappearance was celebrated on New Year's night by a resplendent costume of quite



Miss Mary Garden has brought this ning evening gown to America. that Chicago claims our Mary frocks for weeks to come.

unusual beauty even in the wardrobe of the woman who has been voted over and over again the smartest patron of the smartest opera house in the world. Mrs. Douglas must have sent her modiste to the Prado or some exhibition of Velasquez masterpieces to find the exact shade of red-and really red sounds a vulgar description of the color-used in her gown which was a clinging effect in the softest velvet I have ever seen. Supple as suède and as clinging as crêpe de chine was the serpentine princesse, which showed the glowing depth of tone one sees in the purplish heart of a perfect ruby. Sargent or Pierre Troubetskoy might catch the color on canvas, but I find it difficult to describe. With perfect art the inspired person who created this dress, employed no garniture except a wisp of tulle at the shoulder and winding about the arm -silvery tulle that accented the beauty of the color and fabric of the picture gown. Magnificent jewels, of course, were worn-Mrs. Douglas wears her jewels instead of losing them as many opera goers have seemed to do this season, and Mrs. George Gould, tapping the shoulder of the wearer with her gorgeous Christmas fan, declared in the voice of a woman who has drunk deep of the waters of conviction that the latest creation of Mrs. Douglas' dressmaker was the most picturesque thing in New York this Winter.

While we are speaking of picturesque effects, mention must not be omitted of the Oriental fête with which Ben Ali Haggin ushered in the New Year. Mr. Haggin made so resounding a hit with his Satrap costume at the Russian ball not long ago, that all the Bohemian set of which he is a very bright star felt that such gorgeousness must not blush unseen, and so Mr. Haggin brought it forth when he acted as host at his own studio. Laurette Taylor, Julie Opp, William Faversham and Louise Closser Hale represented the stage at this affair, and Miss Opp as a gorgeous Sultana all jewelled like the sun, was quite



Note the original sport cap of green and white with a Tommy Atkins chin strap which is a feature of Miss Carnegie's fetching golf costume of Mallison silk. Especially attractive is the design of broken diagonal stripe employed in this out-of-door suit



Peeping from under the hem of this cranberry velvet skating costume is a glimpse of the new knee pocket in which the skating girl carries a wee powder-puff for toning down her complexion, after violent exercise

the most wonderful vision the dawning New Year beheld.

The dance after the studio reception proved that there is nothing so charming as the graceful one-step, the seductive hesitation or the glide of the skating waltz done by sweet things in long Turkish trousers or Persian harem costumes.

Mrs. Astor Chanler, making odalisque eyes at the grave and bearded Sir Rabindranath Tagore, was, I think, the belle of Mr. Haggin's ball. Her costume of gold and precious stones with Oriental gauzes of every hue known to the spectrum and more besides, was indescribable, but most fetching.

Everybody who is left in town has gone quite skate mad, and dressmakers are falling over themselves to find some novelty for costumes de glace to meet the present craze. Numbers of girls in the Fifth Avenue set have bought tailored skating suits consisting of knickers and cunning little Russian jackets, or English Norfolks. Just now every girl is waiting to see who will be the first daring spirit to appear in knickers on the ice. Until I heard two débutantes daring each other to open her locker and skate out in her new togs, I had no idea there was anything at which a belle of the present season drew the line of feminine shrinking modesty. It seems I was wrong, and I gladly record my error. There is nothing more graceful than the swing of a skirt as its wearer glides over the ice or sweeps across the gleaming surface in figures that cause her garments to whirl in fascinating undulations that follow her movements, and while the knickerbocker suits are very chic and novel, they are less gracefully feminine, of course, than petticoats and I doubt of their permanent success. However you never can tell.

A stunning skating costume sketched at the Biltmore a few days ago, was of cranberry red velvet combined with glossy brown fur. It is a one-piece affair, cut with the swinging fulness necessary to the freedom of movement demanded by the exercise—for skating more than the dance is a matter of supple untrammeled muscles—but a Russian blouse effect is accomplished by a cord of twisted velvet wound about the waist and floating free with fur pom-poms at the ends. Fur was employed as a deep band at the hem of

the skirt, and to outline the double-breasted revers that gave cachet to the simulated blouse. The cap was one of those fetching and exclusive things that Fifth Avenue creates and Sixth Avenue vainly seeks to copy. A novelty adopted with much enthusiasm by many skaters, is the knee pocket-a flat receptacle for handkerchief, the necessary tips for attendants, and possibly one's rings, should the skater prefer to remove them, that is twice gartered just above the knee. I shall not disclose the identity of the fair skater in red velvet-I promised her and on this condition she did a couple of figures with her knee pocket pulled down a bit to allow you a glimpse of this novel little accessory to a perfect morning on the ice.

The wonderful new Mallison silks are being gobbled up almost as fast as they come from the mills by fashionable makers of sport costumes for Palm Beach and even for the Summer season at Newport. Quaint designs, geometric and even futurist in effect, are chosen by the girls who go in for the extreme in smartness, but equally favored are the new diagonal stripes, and the block effects pictured here. Little Miss Margaret Carnegie, the débutante daughter of the world-famed iron master, who inherits her father's love for golf, is wearing a very charming model of the new diagonal stripe, which as you see is broken here and there with a quite original effect. A soft reseda green ground, with white touches in the brilliant darker green stripes is Miss Carnegie's canny Scottish choice, and the plain fabric is employed in the sport coat which may be belted or left unconfined, according to the wearer's will. Note the fascinating and novel little sport cap worn with this costume. It is of that new fuzzy looking braid invented or, at least, introduced by Knox, and is a featherweight affair in (Concluded on page 114)



Can you think of anything more chic and convenient than the capacious all-round pocket which is a delight for the slender maiden, but a snare for the woman with curves? Miss Joan Whitney's sport swit has the new middy with fence collar and this popular pocket



N a recent article on Altman's mention was made of the special departments for wardrobing a house, the interior decorating—where you may pick out period furniture and upholsterings by yourself or go into consultation over your problems with an expert—the bric-à-brac, and the rug departments. The mention had at the time to be all too general and I am returning to the subject to



The last bill presented in the Bricabna Department includes some delightful English crystal ware in pale blues and pinks and lemons, stamped with black silhouetted figures. A merry life but a short one is predicted for this particular showing

give it the attention it properly deserves. It really is one of the most interesting features of the store.

A big department store has much in common with a theatre. The backers of each, to succeed, must be good "showmen" to say nothing of being artists in their lines. They must know what wares to choose and display to the current taste, and particularly how to stage them. They must plan to change the bill frequently in some cases and give long runs in others. I could continue the analogy, but I should like to ring up the curtain on the new bills for

to sink into than this, where one's physical comfort and aesthetic sense have been equally provided for by the restfulness of a velvet-covered "super-easy" chair, a screen in vivid Chinese coloring, and a painted stand that relieves even the slight exertion incident to holding up a book

For the Tired Business Man or Woman, what more appropriately staged nook

January and February "now playing" at Altman's.

In the Interior Decorating Department, I learned through a chat with its head, English and Italian designs in both furniture and textures are headliners with Chinese tendencies second on the bill. (The Italian designs in furniture I suppose are to match the revival of the Italian Renaissance gowns we are now wearing.) The Chinese things quickly catch the eye—tables in red and black lacquers, desks, a charming little reading table, screens painted in Chinese colorings; chairs covered with bright prints in Chinese designs.

A back drop that remains the same from one end of the year to the other, whatever special features may come or go, is the "Super-easy" furniture, shapes in chairs and couches to be covered according to your choice, "made in our own workrooms," of extraordinary com-

fort and yet dimensioned on lines that are kept within bonds. This furniture is particularly good for small apartments and rooms where a "slippered ease" in a circumscribed space is wanted.

In the Bric-à-brac Department the scene is changed more frequently. Every week almost brings in new treasure, and woe betide you if, having set your heart on something, you fail to get speedy possession of it. Nine chances out of ten it will have been snapped up by the time you come again. There is going to be very little left shortly, I prophesy, of that delightful English crystal ware seen last week, vases and small jars in cerulean blues and shell pinks, pale lemons and lime colors, stamped with black silhouettes figurines. But you will still be able to pick out a Chinese porcelain to your taste, a vase, ginger-jar or temple-jar shape, with or without the perforated teakwood tops and small stands; or a vase in the lovely blue and white or black and white Hawthorn ware.

You will see unusual shaped tea caddies in mahogany or colored lacquers and will carry one home with you to stand on a library table or desk, as is the modern fad, and to use for anything in the world but tea—letters, or papers, perhaps, cigarettes or cigars. (An actress I know uses her's as a place of concealment for her make-up.)

In a debatable land mid-way between the Bric-à-bracs and the Interior Decoratings are displayed the ever-alluring gate-legged tables, of many sizes and moderate prices, adorable bed-side tables in mahogany, nests of small tables in the same wood and in the popular red and black lacquers.

The mise-en-scène of the Rug De-



You will want to carry home from the Bric-à-brac Department one of its lovely tea-caddies to stand on the library table or desk and to use, as is the modern fad, for anything "but" tea-letters or papers, or perhaps cigarettes and cigars

Unique book-ends, evidently intended to represent different officials of the Chinese realm and molded in a dark bronze touched with a bit of color, are another "number" on the Altman February program. The old gentleman above wrapped in his toga of office "got across" particularly well

partment is always enchanting. And whether you've come for a real old Oriental rug, a special silk Saruk or a Kashan that has just come in, to give an order into the "Special Order Department," recently established, for your own patterns and colorings to be woven on the other side; to select a domestic Jute rug with Chinese designs for your country bungalow, or merely the latest thing in bath-mats there will be an unlimited variety to choose from.



ELSIE JANIS, now appearing in "The Century Girl," is a devotee of skating. Whether it be at a rink in town or on her own lake at "Philips Manor" near Tarrytown, she uses every available moment in this pleasurable form of exercise. Miss Janis is here shown wearing a rose velour skating suit trimmed with beaver. From the Knox Shop.

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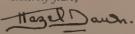
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ANNA HELD'S" MADE IN AMERICA" CREATIONS

By ROSE SHULSINGER



SIGNIFICANT triumph for the art of the American modiste and manufacturer was scored recently with the return of Anna Held to Broadway with a wonderful wardrobe, every gown, hat and wrap of which was made in America, by Americans, from American fabrics and trimmings. Showing only its allegiance to France by its design for which Miss Held—ever a Frenchwoman—is responsible, this wardrobe successfully challenges the brains, skill and ingenuity of the continental courturier.

* * *

Noteworthy, is the "Peacock Gown" which clothes the French comedienne as nearly as is humanly possible in the raiment of the feathered bird. It boasts a fiftyinch tail which is, in every way, a duplicate of the bird's and which may be drawn up over Miss Held's head forming a magnificent aureole when silver cords, over her arms, are pulled. A near-helmet bodice, on the heavy Duchesse satin of which the "feathers" are skilfully embroidered in palest blue, is pointed at the front and effectively terminated with huge stomacher of pearls and imported rhinestones, from which depends fringes of the gems. So heavy is the "tail" that the brawn of three men was originally required to "start it moving," or elevate it. Miss Held's coiffure for this costume consists of a peacock helmet, carrying out the artist's design, from which shoots three haughty bleached peacock feathers, held to the snug cap with medallion of pearl and rhinestones.

Second in importance in the wardrobe which Miss Held brought back to Broadway after an absence of three years, during which time she trod the vaudeville stage and the battlefields of France, is the "Firefly Gown," happily named by Miss Held herself. Over a foundation of heliotrope pussy-willow taffeta and an accordion plaited orchid-colored chiffon underlay, falls short, very full, pointed skirts of flame tulle, caught at the bottom with silver roses, from which peeps a silver flounce. Scintillating like a thousand points of light and entirely covering the bodice of the gown at front is a firefly made entirely of rhinestones, the back of the gown, at bodice, showing the back of the bug, done in similar fashion. Undoubtedly this is one of the most effective gowns worn on Broadway this winter; its headdress of rhinestones and vivid wings of the tulle lending the last note of character.

Handsomer probably, but not so distinctive, is the "Débutante Gown," which borrows green panne velvet, water falls of fish scales, embroidered net and garlands of rhinestones and emeralds for its composition. Slightly empire waisted is the bodice, from which is gathered the short fulled skirts, down the entire length of which run three-inch apart stripes of fish scales. Around the bottom of the skirt are wee ruffles of tulle, each scalloped elaborately in gems; Louis XIV bows of panne-velvet, in a bright green, and two magnificent plaques of emeralds and pearls, from which fall jeweled fringes, ornament the very low cut bodice.

"La Grande Dame" too is happily named, it giving to Miss Held the appearance of those fashionable matrons of other days. Of old rose grosgrain satin hand embroidered in silver bouquets and diamonds, the gown is distinguished by a long back and a short front, pointed sides and silver ruffles at base of skirt which accentuates this almost freakish departure. A silver cord bands the waist, meeting a magnificent stomacher, circling it and continuing to the undulating hem, while falling from the low-cut bodice is a silver thread to which is suspended a jewelled medallion, terminated by pearl and diamond fringes. The sleeves of rose blush net are cut very full and reach almost to the elbows where they are finished with a deep and very full ruffle of silver lace. From each side of the box plait at the back of the skirt come lengths of rose tulle which are caught together at lace hem and there divided by a jeweled ornament, to form the fishtail side trains finished with fringes. A helmet of rhinestones, on the foundation of which is built a second similar helmet, is topped with rose paradise.

A royal coat of corbeau blue charmeuse, hand embroidered in old gold oak leaves, with deep shawl collar of royal ermine, with gold lace embroidered in turquoise, proves one of the handsomest and most costly wraps ever donned by Miss Held covering her entire career as a star punctuated by costumes about which two continents, over their back fences, have gossiped. A high convertible collar of ermine tails, kimono sleeves, generously bordered by ermine and a stately old gold train, lined and bordered with ermine, are distinguishing features of this wrap which is belted in front with sixinch wide sashes which tie loosely at front or side and are terminated by vari-colored tassels.

"Just eighteen changes, including my own simple frock to and from the theatre, will I make for 'Follow Me,'" promised Miss Held, one rainy evening while her devoted maids spread temptingly before us her stage costumes, just arrived.



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FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS

(Continued from page 107)

green and white-Mr. Carnegie's fa-

green and white—Mr. Carnegie's favorite colors.

Equally charming is the perfectly new sport "middy" worn by Mrs. Harry Paine Whitney's eldest girl who is South with her parents for the season. The new sport silk mentioned above is selected for this girlish and effective suit, and the novel upturned golf pocket is achieved by a facing of plaid on the plain tan of the middy.

Notice the new fence collar, please, for it has won instant favor since Elsie Janis first saw fit to wear it. It was Miss Janis, too, who introduced the middy with the all-round pocket. Blue, black and white are shown in the band of her wide sunsailor.

shown in the band of her wide sunsailor.

During her brief stay in New York Miss Mary Garden received more social adulation than she has ever had time to accept before, and she did much work for her pet war charities while tea-ing, and receptioning and generally being fêted. The divine Mary was good enough to show her esteem for The Theatre Magazine by permitting me to sketch her most cherished evening gown which I show you here. Unfortunately, I am not a professional fashion artist, and I found it necessary to emphasize the effect of the huge flower-like figure in her costume, so that I must beg you to understand that the design of exaggerated clematis flower, was but a faint and shadowy thing, that peeped out of the fabric and disappeared

with every movement of the wearer The typically Mary Garden gown is a long clinging princesse that looks quite black, at the first glance and quite gold at the second. As a matter of fact it is the very last thought in metal brocade, being of black shot with shimmery golden threads—like the hair of Melisande, Miss Garden poetically observed. With every change of posture of the wearer, one sees that the black and gold ground is brocaded with immense flowers—exaggerated clematis blossoms, or possibly they are passion flowers, done in iridescent metal threads shading from warm deep purple to a faint pinkish lavender. The typically Gardenesque bodice, which, of course, is cut to display the Garden back (is a scrap of tulle for foundation) upon which is embroidered a solid mass of gold and different colored jet ranging from emerald green through all the amethyst tones, to black. A sweeping narrow train, or rather twin trains, spreading at the ends, shows a large placque of the gold and jet. The effect is very magnificent, and not so extreme as it appears with the heavily emphasized flowers, which you remember are not so strongly marked in the fabric as in my sketch. A narrow bandeau of emeralds and diamonds with flashing serpents tongues springing from the side, encircles Miss Garden's hair which is a lovely warm chestnut this season. Carrying out the ophidian idea, a fexible snake of old Indian work-manship encircles Miss Garden's arm. manship encircles Miss Garden's arm

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Mr. Boomer was born at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., August 22, 1878, and
educated at public and private schools.
and the University of Chicago. He
was with Florida East Coast Hotels
for ten years, and managed resort
hotels in Canada, later becoming associated with the Plaza Hotel, New
York. as assistant. He was also interested in Boston hotels and hotel
companies. He promoted the Nassau
Hotel, Long Beach, L. I., as treasurer
of the operating company. With H.
L. Merry he was joint manager of

Hotel, Long Beach, L. I., as treasurer of the operating company. With H. L. Merry he was joint manager of the Hotel Taft at New Haven, Conn. Appointed Managing Director of the McAlpin, New York, before its opening in 1912, he organized the big hotel and has had charge of it ever since. President of the Hotel Claridge company, New York. He likewise promoted the Café Savarin in the Equitable Building, of which he is also president. He is a member of the following clubs: Aero, Lambs, Press, St. Augustine Yacht, N. Y. Athletic, Bathrusol and Siwanoy Golf Clubs, Rotary Club of New York, Merchants' Association, and the various hotel men's associations. Many of the most prominent theatre folk and operatic stars, when in New York, make their homes in the Hotel McAlpin. At the present writing there were at the hotel: Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Godowsky, Mme. Lina Cavalieri and her husband. Lucien Muratore, Madame Maria Gay and her husband Giovanni Zenatello, Miss Alice Nielsen, Mr. Cleofonte Campanini, Dr. Ernest Kumwald, conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra; Mr. Vilmosh Beck, Miss Rosina Galli, Mr. George Baklanoff, Mlle, Felice Lyne, M. Randolfo Barocchi and others.



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If you have suffered from complexion if you have suffered from complexion disfigurements, or if you would protect an already lovely skin, a visit to Mme. Rubinstein will be of inestimable value to you. A short course of treatments will restore and invigorate your complexion.

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This is a new astringent balm which consolidates and makes firm, loose and flabby tissue The tightening and smoothing out of the skir about the mouth and eyes and under the chir which it accomplishes is really wonderful Price, \$1.50 and \$3.00 a bottle.

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In five tints: flesh, rose, cream, rachel and white, for greasy moist skins, also for normal

Novena Poudre, in five tints, for dry skins Price, \$1.00, \$2.50 and \$4.50 a box.

A copy of Madame Rubinstein's booklet, "Beauty in the Making," will be sent on receipt of 2c stamp to cover postage.

MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN

15 East 49th Street, N. Y.
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Chicago: Mlle. Lola Beekman, 30 Michigan Avenue. San Francisco: Miss Ida Martin, 177 Post St. and Grant Avenue.

Philadelphia: Mme. Rose Schachman, 2536 West Somerset Street.

New Orleans: Mrs. C. V. Butler, 8017 Zimple Street.

DID YOU KNOW THAT-



HE new pussy-willow and khaki-kool weaves are such delightful mediums to work with that they are inspiring many actresses to do their own designing. Miss Lina Abarbanell, for example, has designed a boudoir gown of pussy-willow, which she wears in the last act of "Florabella." The outside is white with one of the unusual designs for which the Mallison silks are now so noted-this one. an odd Chinese-looking medallionmade with panels coming down in back and trailing. Underneath Miss Abarbanell wears slips of pale blue or pink pussy-willow.

Miss Emmy Wehlen is another actress who has been amusing herself with designing her own costumes. She has had made a smoking costume of khaki-kool, golden in color. There is a mannish jacket stitched to have the appearance of braid, lined with a bluish green satin and trimmed with Kolinsky-fur buttons and fur edges to the pockets. There is a fur border in a wavering effect on the full skirt and fur on the wide sleeves. With the costume go slippers of gold khaki-kool, also trimmed with Kolinsky.

Some of the cleverest women who know how to dress on nothing a year always wait to buy at Maxon's, the Model Gown Shop, during the last of January and the first of February sales, at which time prices that are ordinarily reasonable become positively startling in their moderateness. I envy the woman who is going to get for a mere song that lemon colored satin wrap lined with white satin and trimmed with seal collar and cuffs, and that comes from a big Paris house!

The wonderful "beauty grains" of Mme. Rubinstein, which because of the difficulty of getting certain ingredients from the other side, were for a time hors de combat, are again being put up. I was so glad to find when I stopped in at Madame Rubinstein's the other day that I could again incorporate their fragrance and magic among my own beauty articles. I've missed them tremendously and, of course, there is absolutely nothing that can take their place.

Madame Rubinstein showed me the same day a something that had just come from the laboratory of her Paris establishment, a "special whitener" for the face, neck and shoulders, It was a milky cream in a small tube (all the Rubinstein preparations have the most exquisite perfumes) which, applied with a piece of damp cotton, gave to the skin the smoothest and most even-grained whiteness.

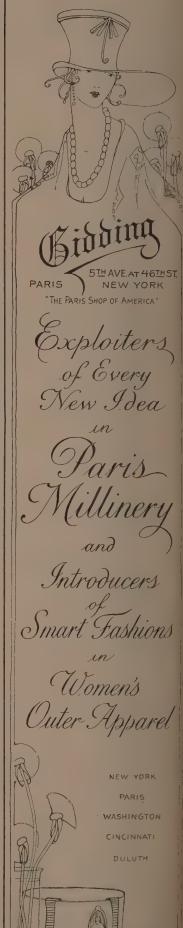
Splendid for dancing, as it doesn't rub off in the least!

Your corset, after having had a short air bath, must now be put to bed at night in a sacheted corsetbag, made of satin and frilled with lace all the way round, so that it may come out in the morning fresh and scented. And your nightgown must "go to bed by day" in its immaculate case, scented also, of white linen and lace, over pink or blue or white padded satin. The new cases are very much smaller than those we have seen heretofore, looking more like large handkerchief cases.

That one Fifth Avenue shop has a few of the studio gowns and jackets made by that artist Fortuny (your original will have the stamp of Mariano Fortuny, Venice, inside), and one or two made up by themselves, Italian Renaissance fashion, after the Fortuny manner, using the strips hand-painted in gold, but their own material for the body of the gown, thus producing the same effect at less than the cost of the original. One of the originals was of a deep bluish gray, the entire surface handpainted in gold, and lined with red ottoman. One of the copies, using the hand-painted gold strips, was combined with peacock blue cashmere, the strips running in the shape of a cross, panelwise down the middle and straight across the front onto the wide kimono sleeves.

It is now possible to buy in department stores the most remarkable dyes, a ten cent cake of which will dye a pound of anything, cotton, wool, silk equally. (The list of colors includes every one you can wish.) The particular beauty of these dyes is that they are simplicity itself to handle at home because they do not stain the hands or the utensils used and those articles that are to be dyed one of the deeper shades do not need to be washed beforehand. If you are dyeing a large garment and wish to secure very efficient work it is best to follow exactly the directions that come with the dyes. At the same time I have obtained most satisfactory results in dyeing small articles with a bit of the dye and very hot water in a washbasin.

Though the high cost of living continues its soaring with regard to shoes, and almost everything else, we know one shop where high white spats cost only two dollars the pair and 'another where those smart chamoisette gloves in the deep cream, almost biscuit color, which the vraie Parisienne thinks more distingué than white, come at one dollar. Wouldn't you like to know them too?





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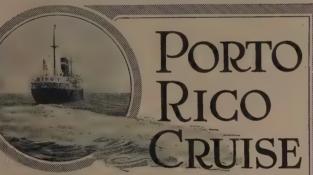
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BLANCHE RING

"I do think a 'Radiolite' is useful. I find the Strap Watch is most convenient on the Pullman or boat, and a Two-in-One in my dressing room."

(In an interview with Lester Linz, of THE THEATRE)

People on both sides of the footlights like the Ingersoll "Radiolite" watch. The actors like them because their work is mostly in the evening hours, and they must be on time. The audience likes them because in the darkened theatre, or in the dark taxicab, one can tell the time at a glance by the "Radiolite's" glowing hands and figures, which are coated with a new substance containing genuine radium in minute proportions.

The "Radiolite" Two-in-One, shown on Miss Ring's dresser, is \$2.25; the "Radiolite" Strap Watch, \$4.00; the regular "Radiolite" \$2.00; and the Waterbury "Radiolite," thin, handsome, and jeweled, \$4.00.

Other Ingersolls—\$1.25. to \$6.00 Two thin, stunning, jeweled watches that have taken the country by storm, are the plain dial Waterbury, \$3.00, and the Reliance, \$3.00, \$3.50, and \$6.00.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO. New York Chicago San Francisco



Illustrations % actual size

THE AMERICAN PREMIERE OF "FRANCESCA DA RIMINI"

(Continued from page 94)

Claudia Muzio, who made her début in December in "Tosca." She is a remarkable actress, one who can play strong rôles. Her voice is of fine timbre, but as yet it has not developed its full power, or is it quite as even as it should be. But she is a singer of great promise, and already has become very popular. She is the first important Italian soprano to join the ranks of the Metropolitan in a decade.

Aside from Mlle. Muzio, the only significant changes in the list of principals have come from within the ranks of the company. Most important of Mr. Gatti-Casazza's "finds" has been Gennaro Papi, the conductor, who directed the revival of "L'Elisir d'Amore." He had been an assistant conductor for seven an assistant conductor for seven years, though he never had an opportunity to take his place in the conductor's stand in New York till this season. When Toscanini suddenly left the company a year and a half ago, and a performance of "Madame Sans-Gene" was announced to be given a few days later at Atlanta, no one in the company knew the score except Mr. Papi who had helped Mr. Toscanini in preparing it. Consequently he had to conduct it. He made good, and though he had to wait a long time for a New York appearance it finally came, and he now is a principal conductor.

Another accident gave Mme. Mabel Garrison an opportunity to sing the rôle of the Queen of Night in "The Magic Flute" in place of Frieda Hempel. She also showed unexpected talent, and the audience showed a distinct liking for her singing. So she has been promoted so to speak, and sings some principal rôles now-adays. Otherwise the sea-

pected talent, and the audience showed a distinct liking for her singing. So she has been promoted so to speak, and sings some principal rôles now-adays. Otherwise the season has not brought out any new artists of exceptional promise.

Oldest of American symphony orchestras and third oldest of all the similar organizations of the world, the Philharmonic Society of New York has been celebrating its seventy-fifth birthday since January 17th with a series of festival concerts. It was founded on January 17, 1842, by Ureli C. Hill, who by the way, died a pauper at the age of seventy-five in the year 1875, by taking morphine. But though he did not prosper, the orchestra did. No symphonic organization has had a more distinguished list of conductors, past and present. Among the famous men now active in European musical circles who have wielded the baton over the Philharmonic are Richard Strauss, perhaps the world's greatest composer; Edouard Colonne, founder of the great Parisian orchestra; Wassily Safanoff, best known of Russian conductors; Sir Henry Wood, one of the most important English musicians, and Felix Weingartner, Vienna's favorite conductor. Josef Stransky now directs its concerts. In the past Theodore Thomas, Carl Bergmann, Anton Siedl and Gustav Mamler have held the conductor's stand. The Philharmonic has had a distinguished career as well as a long one.



WHY I PREFER EURO-PEAN PLAYWRIGHTS

(Continued from page 98)

play will bring people in the theatre. Instead of that, they aim plays at certain subjects hoping to catch newspaper publicity on the theme. How many such plays have been so written, heaven only knows!

Our young playwrights being what they are and our national prudishness, being what it is, the sex plays were a natural evolution. European playwrights don't write plays on the subject of sex, because it is sex. Frank Wedekind wrote "The Awakening of Spring," but it had a big

moral purpose. It was too horrible in its inevitable logic to succeed here. Yet, how many American playwrights put over successes, their subject matter reeking of the sewer? Poor drama, superficial emotions, stunid stuff

subject matter recking of the sewer? Poor drama, superficial emotions, stupid stuff.

Yet the public came to see the American sex plays. We have Puritianism to thank for that. In America parents seem to be in a great conspiracy to keep the truth of sex carefully away from their children. They apparently prefer to have the children learn these truths in a distorted way. They let the young absorb these sacred truths of nature from evil instead of good sources. As a result the average young man in America grows up with the idea that sex is something to snicker at. With this result; when the sex plays were first put on everybody flocked to see them. They had their parents to thank for their doing that. Our American playwrights could never have gotten European audiences to see their sex plays. In the first place the plays were superficial, in the second place, Europe has no prudishness about sex. Thus the treatment of sex by a European playwright is not sufficient to attract an audience unless the play itself be actually good.

When you have American playwrights, men who have made successes, boasting that they have never read a line of Shakespeare, or Ibsen—as I have heard them boast—you can better understand our superficial playwriting. Critics have said that Ibon is "bicklusters".

can better understand our superficial playwriting. Critics have said that Ibsen is "highbrow." As a matter of fact Ibsen is one of the most easily read playwrights in the world. But the American public has been so mislead as to foreign playwrights, that if you mention Ibsen, a person, to cover his ignorance, starts to joke—"highbrow!" If people would only learn, before condemning!

The public has been told that Strindberg is immoral. He is not attractively immoral, like certain successful Broadway farces. But he is brutally immoral. He tells the truth. How that hurts! I read recently in the news that Echegary the great Spanish playwright had died. I'll wager that if you mention Echegary to some New York managers that they think you were talking about a vaudeville juggler.

Of course, just now, the war is holding back the drama in Europe. War plays? There won't be a good one written in Europe for twenty-five years. It will take that long for national hatreds to die out; and for audiences to tolerate a play that tells the truth of war. We had an example of it in New York. There was a war play produced that had a long run. It went against all laws of life. Its situations were impossible from the viewpoint of real life and from a military viewpoint.

It was hopeless "hoakum." Another war play was produced, its characters were real persons. It told the truth about war. It failed. It is impossible to-day to write a play showing war as it is—no matter how well it is done and expect it to succeed. The very horror of it would be too much at this time when the newspapers reflect the terrible struggle day by day. Just as the first good play on the Civil War was not produced in America until a score of years after that was over, so must we wait before European dramatists can give us something of the conflict worth while.

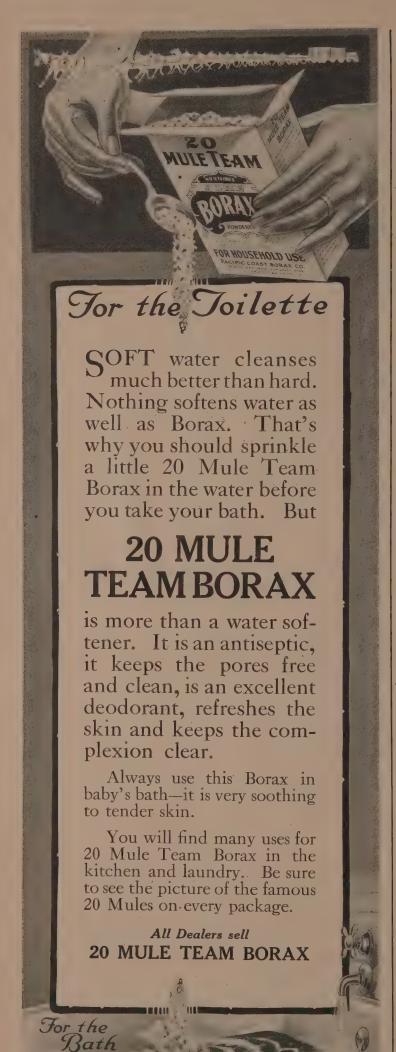
It is not from choice that I prefer European rôles. It is because the managers have kept good American rôles from me. I have had to turn to the foreign playwright. French. Teutonic, English and Irish, I l

playwrights.



ANNA HELD says: The boys in the trenches expressed such a preference for Adams Black Jack Chewing Gum that I forward some every month.

OLAMA Abert.



WHY VAUDEVILLE NEED NEVER FEAR THE MOVIES

(Continued from page 100)
in her ragtime ditties. "Coal Black Rose" and "Amazon" were the breeziest numbers. The Hawaiian song was doubled in value by Miss Sceley's variation of the Hawaiian dance. And the Japanese number, "Cherry Blossoms," backed by a glowing orange-red drop, with Blossom kneeling on a pillow and living up to her name in looks, proved a most artistic final number. The act is vaudeville in its essence; it cannot be translated to any other medium. And it will furnish entertainment in many cities for many moons. Gladys Clark and Henry Bergman lately with Lew Fields in "Step Ihis Way" brought forth a very interseting musical offering with the assistance of two girls and a pianist. They open with one of the numbers in "The Trained Nurses" with which they were so long identified in the wo-a-day, but the rest of their material is new and good. "Beware of Pink Pajamas" is a coy warning Miss Clark sings in becoming garb. "When They Grow Older, They Grow a Little Bolder," and "From Here to Shanghai" give Fol team excellent opportunities. Fol John Mere to Shanghai" give Fol team excellent opportunities. Fol John Mere to Shanghai" give Fol team excellent opportunities. Fol John Mere to Shanghai" give Fol team excellent opportunities and King. They were so flayes and Norworth, and Brice and King the ombination is a duo vaudeville may well take pride and delight in:

Doolg an Rady to their recording and song. Johnny Dooley grows in his mastery of the subtle art of burlesque. And his "Serpent of the Nile," a travesty on the Egyptian dances of Ruth St. Denis may be numbered among the classics. He has a hula in his repertory, too, and furthermore he plays a Hawaiian guitar with its shivery strings like a native. Miss Rugel had new ballads suited to her sweet voice, and furthermore he plays a Hawaiian guitar with its shivery strings like a native. Miss Rugel had new ballads suited to her sweet voice, and for the hard of the fold of the hard of the har

ELEVATING THE AUDIENCE

ELEVATING THE AUDIENCE

(Continued from page 102)

worthy channel, each will strive with all his might to climb the ladder of capability—certificates from Class Z—the movies—to Class A—which might be Lord Dunsany or at least John Millington Synge.

We shall have an exact gradation of the Aristocracy of the Intellect. No future Astorbilt will waste wealth, time, and energy in the pursuit of a foreign peerage. Rather will he turn all effort to the ultimate attainment of the Grand Certificate of Catholicity.

In fact, the only deplorable feature of the whole idea is the immense field of possible graft that will be opened up. Decidedly, our Admitance Commissioners, high and low, must be men of the staunchest incorruptibility.

But given competence and integrity on their part and a rigid application of the scheme by all theatre proprietors, and we shall ultimately have consummations more devoutly to be wished than anything the play world has yet afforded. Only a few among them are the following:

In first-class theatres, audiences composed of intelligent, appreciative, and courteous ladies and gentlemen.

In tenth-rate music halls and houses of raw melodrama and slapstick, audiences made up of children—of adult years—all hugely enjoying themselves and none offending another, because they are all equally blatant, boorish, dull, and primitive.

In in-between playhouses, both those spectators who have reached their intellectual maximum and others who, through education, may yet ascend the ladder.

Here and there a subdued and chastened aspirant proudly exhibiting to the less fortunate the newly acquired certificate which will admit him to a theatre of a higher class.

In the movies the world's intellectual unfortunates making the most of their sad situation and—as ever—mercifully ignorant of it.



COLUMBIA RECORDS

The Columbia list of records for

COLUMBIA RECORDS

The Columbia list of records for February includes recordings by such artists and ensembles as the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Pablo Casals, greatest of 'cellists; Josef Hofmann, one of the greatest pianists of any period; Kathleen Parlow, leading woman violinist, and Eddy Brown, the violinist sensation.

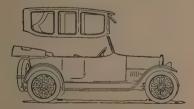
The Chicago Symphony Orchestra's offering is an amazingly powerful recorded version of the famous "Ride of the Valkyries": the direct antithesis of the delicacy of Casals' recording of Schumann's "Abendlied," or of Josef Hofmann's exquisite rendition of Paderewski's "Minuet in G." Kathleen Parlow delights with the intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana," and Eddy Brown has a particularly poignant rendition of Massenet's plaintive "Elegie."

The brilliancy of the great instrumentalists presented is equalled by the distinguished vocal list, comprising Oscar Seagle, the American baritone, who sings Moore's "Meeting of the Waters," David Bispham, who thrills with Kipling's classic, "The Hanging of Danny Deever," Lucy Gates, the American soprano, who renders the beautiful "Come My Beloved," and Vernon Stiles, the new tenor discovery, who charms with the delicate fancy and sentiment of Cadman's "At Dawning" and D'Hardelot's "Because."

The section of the list usually classed as "popular" includes two well-sung Winter Garden hits and such unusually good gong-successes as "It Was Only An Irishman's Dream," "Honolulu, America Loves You," and "Yaddie, Kaddie, Kiddie, Kaddie, Koo."



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"THE WANDERER" AT THE MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE

(B)

HAT is probably the most expensive dramatic production ever given in America will be seen at the Manhattan Opera House on Monday, January 29th.



Maurice V. Samuels
Author of "The
Wanderer"

The occasion will be the first presentation in this country of a new biblical play, "The Wanderer," produced under the management of William Elliott, F. Ray Comstock, and Morris Gest. A review of this production will appear in our next issue.

The play, which is based on the European original "Der Verlornerer Sonn," by Wilhelm Schmittbohn, was written for its present début by Maurice V. Samuels, and is presented

in much the same elaborate style as when given by Max Reinhardt in Germany, and later in Warsaw, Moscow, Vienna and at the University of Belgium, Liège.

Many new scenes and characters have been added to the American version and the play expanded to fill out an entire evening's entertainment, with beautiful pictorial and scenic embellishments made possible by the immense stage of the Manhattan Opera House. Ben Teal has staged the play and the special dances have been arranged by A. Kosloff. Incidental music has been written by Anselm Goetzl, and the costumes and scenery are the creations of Stern, who made the designs for the Reinhardt production.

In the scenic arrangements for the production, new stage effects have been devised that bring out as never before shown, the beauties of perspective and distance upon the stage. A special apron has been built out over five rows of the orchestra seats, and the thirty-six proscenium boxes of the Manhattan have been sacrificed by being masked in completely with scenic affects which harmonize with the stage settings. There are no footlights, but a new and ingenious arrangement of lights has been perfected. It is difficult for the audience to locate the source of these lights, which have been installed privately and even the company does not know the secret of the illumination.

To harmonize with the interior settings and decorations the entire exterior of the Opera House, from the porte-cochère to the lobby has been completely renovated. More than \$6,000 is said to have been spent on this item alone. Beautiful stained-glass windows descriptive of biblical scenes and episodes have been put in the long door panels, and the lobby walls have been painted with old Palestine designs and images. A small church organ is installed at one end of the lobby and is played during the intermissions.

Messrs. Elliott, Comstock, and Gest have gathered together one of the most imposing casts organized in recent years. The full list of players numbers nearly three hundred, but the principal rôles will be in the hands of Nance O'Neil, Florence Reed, Beverly Sitgreaves, Janet Dunbar, Clara Blandick, James O'Neill, William H. Thompson, Charles Dalton, William Elliott, Lionel Braham, Pedro de Corboda, Macey Harlam, Frederick Lewis, Sydney Herbert, Frederick

Burton, Stephen Wright, Sydney Mather, Henry Duggan, Walter Gibbs, Edward Martyn, John Morrissey, Ernest Cove, and Harda Daub. The ballet of the second act has as première

danseuse, Mlle. Sofia Karty, of the Royal Opera House, Copenhagen.

The parable of the prodigal son as narrated in the Gospel of St. Luke, fifteenth chapter, is the story told in the three acts of "The Wanderer." The play opens with a scene of plenty in the Holy Land. The young son of the house of Jesse, prosperous land owner of the country, is Jether, head-strong and restless, anxious to go forth into the world and seek



WILLIAM ELLIOTT
Who plays leading rôle
in "The Wanderer"

his fortune. This rôle (played by William Elliott) typifies in many ways the average young man of to-day who feels the call of the "wanderlust."

The second act shows the gay life in Jerusalem. Jether is now the favored lodger in a house of pleasure conducted by Nadina. He has made many friends, and has purchased the favor of Nadina's own daughter, Tisha. But false friends surround him, eager to get his gold. He spends carelessly, and is only brought to his senses by Nadina's attempt to rob him.

In the final act, Jether, worn, broken, sick, a beggar, returns to his father's house and receives the Biblical welcome of the fatted calf.





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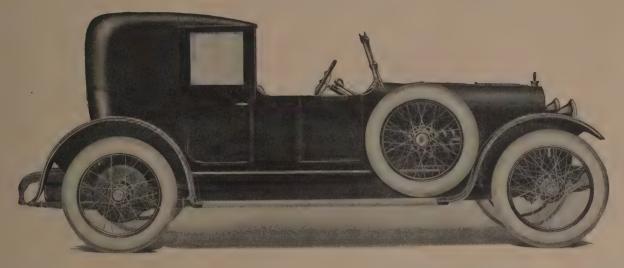
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NOTICE

Owing to an accident while this number of the THEATRE MAGAZINE was on the press, the article "Stage Partnerships," by Helen Ten Broeck, announced for publication this month, has, to our great regret, been unavoidably left out of this issue. The article will positively appear next month.

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dear Ar Elect.

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e theatre at 11 do to rotor down to our flace at bloyd's beek.

did pose till plowing through virgin drafts of snow 1 tell you;
was a pight but the car between tenutrially On our high speed,
to three up such a transmission of ref more it didn't soon to us
fire, so we slowed has down to low speed, and then she went through
the dost attraction, manner you ever saw. With the exception
the drifts of error which she three to one side, we might just as or the drilles of grow which one three to the size we maght, just as really keep been on's arroth fruit. We cally enjoyed the adventure. To did the journey in two hiurs. There was a house party where we were Sunday night, two of the party had actored down in the daytime They didn't expect I would come in the car - they thought I would come on the train, and in the morning when they may my car in the

William Tavershaus

This letter was received unsolicited from Mr. William Faversham, the owner of a McFaylan Limousine.

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PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

(Continued from page 78)
he demanded. "I decided that the part wasn't in my line," I faltered.
"Not in your line?" Tommy nonsense!" roared Mr. Wyndham, and before he would permit me to leave the box, the actor-manager had gained my reluctant promise to take back the script.

before he would permit me to leave the box, the actor-manager had gained my reluctant promise to take back the script.

I played the Chevalier with the fine Irish accent used by my mother when the spell of Ireland lay upon her heart, and I must say that I worried through the comedy scenes without seeming to displease the audience. M. Audran had written a special solo into my rôle, a sentimental sugary love song, and when the comedian sang this number, the audience was taken by surprise and seemed to enjoy it. At any rate, I received encore after encore and the audience rose and shouted bravo, over and over again.

Does it fill you with surprise and pain to know that after the tenth recall I deliberately winked and grinned at Lou Harrison and 'Jimmy' Powers who had secured seats to witness my failure?

The next summer I returned to America for the purpose of bringing my mother to London to live with me. I had only twenty-four days' holiday, but while here my old friend, Ambrose Butler, owner of the Buffalo News, told me of Scanlan's illness and begged me to see Augustus Pitou with a view-to taking his place as star in "Mavourneen." I laughed the idea to scorn, but Mr. Pitou caught me as I was passing his office and added his weight to the argument. I definitely declined entering into any negotiations, but Mr. Pitou, who was en route to his Canadian country place, which was near Buffalo, wrung from me a promise that I would run up to Lake Simcoe with my mother on the following Sunday. A great difficulty behind which I entrenched myself, was that I was under contract to Horace Sedger for a season of light opera in London—a contract I had no wish to break. But realizing that Mr. Pitou's offer was a very magnificent one, I concluded to let Sedger decide, and cabled him to the effect that I had an offer of enormous advantage to remain in America if he would release me. "You are released, old Pal, and the "You are released, old Pal, and the

a very magnificent one, I concluded to let Sedger decide, and cabled him to the effect that I had an offer of enormous advantage to remain in America if he would release me. "You are released, old Pal, and the hest of luck go with you," was Sedger's cabled reply.

For two seasons I played Scanlan's "Mayourneen" with financial success greater than I had dared to dream of, and that play was followed by a series of comedies with songs beginning with "The Irish Artist" and continuing with "The Minstrel of Clare," "Sweet Inniscara," "A Romance of Athlone," "Gareet O'Magh" in an opera of that name. "Old Limerick Town," "Edmund Burke," "Eileen Asthore," "Ragged Robin," "Barry of Ballymore, "Macushla," "The Isle o' Dreams," "The Heart of Paddy Whack," etc., etc. Early in the present season, I appeared in a fine and powerful play by George M. Cohan—a play written around one of the strongest tenets of the Catholic faith. I need not say that "John O'Brien" (that was the title of the piece) was written and played in a spirit of the highest reverence. But to the utter amazement of all concerned, it was pointed out by members of the catholic clergy upon its first presentation that certain passages intended to reflect the truest Catholic spirit got over the footlights with a directly opposite effect. Without an instant's hesitation Mr. Cohan decided to withdraw the play although it seemed a foregone conclusion that an enormous success awaited it. "The Heart of Paddy Whack," Miss Rachel Crothers' happy little Irish play, was therefore placed in rehearsal, and produced in Philadelphia on Christmas night.

SPIRIT OF THE GREEK DANCE

(Continued from page 82)

represented them according to their own ideas. If you recall the original of a portrait and the product of the portrait painter, you will realize how great may be the unlikeness of the original Greeks and the representations of them. There are, however, two common characteristics which most of the masterpieces share. The draperies were loose and flowing. The dancers leaped high into the air. Upon these points the most quibbling antiquarians agree. There were no strictures in the souls or costumes of the Greek dancers. Upon that, too, the students of Greek agree.

In this free land everyone has the right to represent the Greek dances.

In this free land everyone has the right to represent the Greek dances as they seem to her. To me, I repeat, that the source of the free high movements seems to be the chest region. The movements express feeling. They have rhythm. My belief is that rhythm is not mere keeping time with music. It is not time. It is feeling. To dance is to play to music. It is the play spirit following music.

ing music.

To shuffle the feet along the floor, To shuffle the feet along the floor, whether with or without music, is not dancing. Dancing is the art sister of flying. It is an effort to free the body from the enchaining power of earth. That first impressed me, still impresses me, will always impress me, as the spirit of the maidens of the Greek friezes. They bound into the air in an effort to clear the earth, to escape it.

I believe that dancing at its best is free from fleshly elements. It is the most spiritualistic of the pastimes. I have observed, and you will observe, if vou take to the study a mind swept free from prejudice, that no woman can give a Greek dance well unless she has a pure soul, a mind peopled with beautiful thoughts.

well unless she has a pure soul, a mind peopled with beautiful thoughts.

True Greek dancing renders a woman unconscious of her body. If she is conscious of it, her attempts at a Greek dance will be a travesty. I have seen an utter change wrought in the character of dancers because of this jail delivery of self that Greek dancing brings about and maintains.

of this jail delivery of self that Greek dancing brings about and maintains.

Girls who have fine, clean minds come to my studio, drape themselves in a yard or two of chiffon and play about the room to music as though they had worn such light clothing all their lives. That is because they are unconscious of self. Their minds are clean. Their souls are pure. I think no more of my body when I dance than Kubelik does of the strings of his violin. All he expects of the violin strings is that they perform their work. All I expect of my muscles, behind their slight veil of chiffon, is that they do well their work. The different muscles are different instruments of an orchestra. The dance is the orchestration.

I have no admiration for ballet dancing. Seen with my eyes it is not beautiful because it is not natural. Ballet dancing is a thing of motions.

motions.

The child is a beautiful example

The child is a beautiful example of unconsciousness of the body and of natural dancing. There is nothing stereotyped about its first dancing. It expresses its joy by kicking up its heels as does a colt. It flings its arms into the air with the gay abandon of the joy of life.

When my dancers assemble with me in a studio or on the green to rehearse our dance I say to them: "Express what you feel." I never hamper them by calling attention to a defect. That is to make them conscious. We dance, dance, dance until the defect falls away. I fling my arms out and say, nodding to the solar plexus or abdominal brain, the soul centre: "Dance from there. Follow the music. Now, do as you please." Presently we are working in unison because we have the same spirit of play with music.



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A group of actors and playwrights headed by Edith Ellis is negotiating for a theatre in which to present American plays, with a view to ascertaining their commercial value. The plan is to open the theatre as a producing plavhouse early this month (February) and to change the bill monthly. Mrs. Ellis will direct the staging of the plays. Among those interested in the project are Lillian Albertson, Edward Ellis, Josephine Victor, Mrs. Mary Holland Kinkaid, and Mrs. Frederick Love Keays.

The Stage Society of New York gave a special performance of Arturo Giovanitti's war drama, "As It Was in the Beginning," Monday afternoon, January 29th at the Gaiety. Mabel Morrison and Richard Bennett played the leading rôles. This is the drama acted last fall in Italian by Mimi Aguglia and a company of Italian players in the Bowery.

The Morningside Players is the name of the latest group of persons interested in the drama to organize for the presentation of dramas deemed to possess artistic merit. The players state in their prospectus that they have "no intention or desire to uplife anybody or reform anything, but they believe there is an audience for a type of play which is not ordinarily seen on Broadway."

Barrett H. Clark, Hatcher Hughes, of the dramatic department of Columbia University, Edith Randolph, actress, and Elmer L. Reizenstein, dramatist, are among those interested in the movement. A new play by Mr. Reizenstein, entitled "The Iron Cross," will be produced by the players this month in a Broadway theatre. This is Mr. Reizenstein's first drama since his "On Trial."

"The Lioness," the new play that Rupert Huebes has written for Margaret Anglin, will be seen for the first time in Atlantic City, February 1st. The cast includes Mary Boland, Jennie Eustace, Leila Repton, Kenyon Bishop, Mary Leslie Mavo, Hortense Clement, Helen Erskine, Lester

Lonergan, George McQuarrie, and J. M. Kerrigan.

The estate of Colonel William F. Cody, who died in Denver, on January 10th last, is estimated by Judge W. L. Wall, for years Colonel Cody's attorney, at not to exceed \$65,000. It consists in the main of three ranches near Cody, Wyo., and an equity in a hotel in that town.

Mrs. August Belmont, formerly Eleanor Robson, has announced plans for a "community theatre" which she hopes to build for the Educational Dramatic League of which she is president. With the league are affiliated amateur organizations in schools, settlements, and churches to the number of three hundred and eighty-four societies throughout the United States.

The proposed theatre for its productions will be situated somewhere in Manhattan.

Edith Wynne Matthison will be seen this season in a new play by her husband, Charles Rann Kennedy, entitled "Rib of Man." The play is a modern comedy dealing, as one of the characters say, "with the new woman already in the world and the new warrior coming to her as fast as the devil and the European war will let him."

The Shuberts have completed the cast for their forthcoming production of Oscar Straus' operetta, "The Beautiful Unknown." The principals are Sari Petrass, who sang the prima donna rôle when the piece was first given in Budapest last year: Daisy Irving, Maude Odell, Doris Marvin, Nora White. John Goldsworthy, Charles McNaughton, Lionel Belmore, Ned Munroe, Laurence Leonard, Lester Scharff and Selwyn Joyce.

John Craig, for many years manager of the Castle Square Theatre, Boston, has obtained a lease of the Garrick Theatre, this city, and will produce there a comedy by E. H. Sothern entitled "Stranger Than Sothern Fiction."

VICTOR RECORDS

VICTOR RECORDS

The recent revival of the opera "Les Pecheurs de Perles" has resulted in a fresh triumph for Caruso. In order to appreriate the full beauty of Caruso's interpretation of this lovely romance, one must endeavor to follow his lead, and enter into the anguish and unrest of Nadir, torn between a love for his tried and true friend, and this strange, new, bittersweet passion for a woman whose very presence is linked with the awe and wonder of his mystic beliefs. It is delightful to hear Julia Culp in "Passing By," a charming song by Edward Purcell. The melody is as tender as the words. Louise Homer has selected for her February record, the quaint, early Victorian ballad. "Janet's Choice," and sings it with much grace and insight. Like many favorite numbers, the Bach—Gounod "Ave Maria" has been arranged and rearranged for voices of all kinds, but it sounds best when it is most simply treated. This, Emmy Destinn appreciates, and while singing it with true religious fervor, she sufficiently restrains her naturally dramatic temperament. Geraldine Farrar sings Gounod's "Serenade," and her voice is well suited to such music, the upper tones being delightfully clear and flexible, the lower having a mezzo quality which adds a touch of warmth to this ethereal conception. William Evans offers for February "When You and I Were Young Maggie" and sings it with much sympathy and insight.

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STUDENTS AT THE BELASCO

STUDENTS AT THE BELASCO

The American Academy of Dramatic Arts gave its first performance of the season on January 12th last at the Belasco. The program consisted of Jesse Lynch Williams' three-act comedy, "And So They Were Married," and a playlet by Sutro entitled "The Bracelet."

It was an interesting matinée and Mr. Williams' comedy, which is another "revolt against marriage" play, was particularly well received. Dr. Hamilton, a physician engaged in important research work, has an assistant named Helen. The plot has to do with the efforts of her family to prevent her marrying the doctor, and later to persuade her to marry him when she threatens to become Mrs. Hamilton without the formality of a marriage ceremony. There is a capital love scene between the doctor and his assistant. They have been purposely left in each other's company and the uncle lingers expecting to find them lovemaking, when Helen goes up to the doctor and says: "Now tell me all about anterior poliomyelitis." When the doctor answers, "those plates you were incubating dried up and spoiled. You played the very devil with my data," you know, of course, that they are in love.

The play is clever and was particularly well acted by Mr. Sargent's students. Anne Morrison scored a hit, acting with all the poise and authority of the professional. Bryant Thomas was excellent as the Judge.



THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, 6 East 39th Street, New York

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(Continued from page 88)



He met the wit and beauty of English society-he stood in the gorgeous splendor of the Russian Court-he admiringly watched the Boers wage their plucky fight on the veldts of Africa-he heard the bullets sing at San Juan-wherever things happened there was RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. Adventure had but to beckon and his seven league boots whisked him at once into action. The world was his playground. He was the Peter Pan of American Letters and to the last minute retained his fresh unspoiled love of life.

In long, charming letters to his mother and family, written with boyish frankness and enthusiasm RICHARD HARDING DAVIS recounts his adventures from his entrance into the newspaper field in 1889. These letters, covering his most active and interesting years, have been gathered together and will be published serially in the Metropolitan, beginning in the March issue (on the newstands February 8th). The writer's brother, Charles Belmont Davis, will add introductory paragraphs to the letters and provide a sequential form for their publication.

For sprightly reading, Davis's letters are only equalled by his fiction stories, with this added value that these letters are Dick Davis himself, real, true, always-somethinghappening letters, reflecting the big, courageous boy-man who has gone on before. Their unfailing courage and virility will stouten the hearts of many of us playing the Great Adventure, and this, we know, is as the writer would have it.

The Adventures and Letters of RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

begin in a notably bright and interesting number of America's Livest Magazine

To a magazine public surfeited with thin, insincere and sloppy perilo a magazine public surfetted with thin, insincere and sloppy periodical reading, aimed for a 2 by 2 intelligence, it comes as a refreshing relief to find a magazine with enough body to lay on the library table without having to hold it down! We believe the March Metropolitan is that magazine—live, vital, sincere—a creation of sane, forward-looking brains. A magazine with youth rampant through its pages, where romance, adventure and inspiration delights you, thrills you and refreshes

For instance-

We have with us again that delightfully real victim of calf love—no other than the well-known William Sylvester Baxter. His literary father, BOOTH TARKINGTON, relates another amusing escapade of W. S. B., who might have been you at the tender age of seventeen!

LEROY SCOTT, the first writer who has succeeded in putting the drama of New York's dress-suit underworld on paper, contributes a new detective Clifford story that will thrill the most hardened disciple of Sherlock Holmes.

There are two love stories of Metropolitan quality by DANA GATLIN and Sinclair Lewis; also the first of a big love and mystery novel of the Great Lakes by EDWIN BALMER and WILLIAM MACHARG,—"The Indian Drum".

WILLIAM HARD who is in England for the Metropolitan gives us a vivid behind-the-scenes picture of Britain at War, THEODORE ROOSEVELT, who writes exclusively for Metropolitan has a commanding contribution on Canada's part in the Great War and the lesson it should bring home to Americans.

There are eight big pages of ROTARY GRAVURE pictures, and a striking six color cover design by HASKELL COFFIN, not forgetting the regular departments—ART YOUNG in Washington and CLARENCE DAY chatting in his own way on books, people and things.

This unusual magazine will be on sale at all good newsstands February 8th. If you are located where you can not conveniently get to a newsstand mail fifty cents in stamps or cash to address below and the Metropolitan for three months, beginning with the March issue, will be mailed you post paid.

Metropolitan

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ith the rynoHenry Wilks ... Joseph Herbert
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Sylvia Curtis ... Lily Cahill
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Ethel Martin

Properly enough, the manager of the animal show is punished for his carelessness in leaving tigers and lions around loose. They have shut him in with the shrew he tried in vain to tame fifteen years before. Add much of the sort of physical encounter sophomores always put into their plays, and you have about all "In For the Night" lets you in for. Aside from Percy Ames' old reliable British boob, and Joseph Herbert as the malaprop waiter, the acting is either commonplace or bad. Irene Oshier, as a preposterous chorus girl, seems always doing a bad imitation of Blanche Ring.

Vastily better entertainment is waiting around New York these days, clamoring for theatres. Properly enough, the manager

"HAVE LIBERTY

LIBERTY. "HAVE A HEART."

Musical comedy in three acts. Book and lyrics by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse. Music by Jerome Kern. Produced on Jan. 11th with this cast:

Henry Billy B. Van Ted Sheldon Donald Macdonald Lizzie O'Brien Lenora Novasio Detective Baker Leugene Keith Rutherford Schoonmaker.

Captain Charles Owen Roy Gordon Peggy Schoonmaker. Elieen Van Biene Mrs. Pyne James Bradbury Dolly Brabazon Louise Dresser Yussuf Joseph del Puente Assistant Manager Paul Mountaney Maitre d'Hotel Eugene Revere Here is something different in

Massistant Manager.... Eugene Revere
Here is something different in
comic opera—and what a difference
it makes when the music is not blaring, when the colors commend themselves to the eye restfully, and when
the girls in the chorus nowhere are
unduly tricksome with their lingerie,
and where spirituality is valued
more than superficial beauty!
"Have a Heart," the new Savage
production is perhaps too colloquially
named, but that is only one of its
imperfections that are outweighed
by its many virtues. It is not a perfect opera, except that in its music
it is nearly so, but for every little
banality there is a quick succeeding
charm.

mailly B. Van whose triumphs in vaudeville get the loud laughter, and who is usually more boisterous than would fit in with the delicacies of this piece, accommodates himself to the comedy and plays in the key.

The story is slight. It is the final reconciliation of the department store proprietor with his wife from whom he is about to be parted by divorce, with the Movie Queen and a lovely shopgirl in the case. Of immorality there is none. there is none.

shopgirl in the case. Of immorality there is none.

Louise Dresser, the Movie Queen, satisfactory but not a marvel in singing, is pleasing with her comeliness and intelligence in acting.

There is some novelty in the cast in that some not well-known people prove their right to be better known. Thus Marjorie Gateson in the songs "Fm—So Busy" and "You Said Something" sailed through them with a spanker breeze. Eileen Van Biene measured up to lots of applause, Peggy Fears in a special dance with an attentive young man was a feature. Thurston Hall, as the perplexed husband, is of approved excellence, and there is no better henpecked husband than the verteran James Bradbury. No recent opera has had more personality in its performers or individuality in its combined effectiveness. If a bit slow here and there it quickly steps forward again.

GARRICK. "MIQUETTE ET SA MERE." Comedy in three acts by Robert De Flers and G. A. DeCail-lavet. Presented on December 18th with this cast

with this cast:

-Marquis de La Tour Georges Saulieu Monchablon Claude Benedict Urbain de La Tour Georges Renavent Lahirel Pierre Mindaist Pierre Bernard Rosselet Mongrébin Emile Detramont Labouret Andre Chotin Le Concierge Marc Lomon Un Mitron Gerard Viterbo Miquette Grandier Lillian Greuze Madame Grandier Lillian Greuze Madame Grandier Jenny Diska Perine Adrienne Dagairy Toto Jeanne Rolle Madamoiselle Poche Georgette Madame Michelot Catherine Roche Madame Najoumel Anna Guichard Ponette Affen Lili Berthot

The Théâtre Français is making a distinctly better showing with its later bills.

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It is astonishing how much can be made of so little as in "Miquette et sa Mère." It is the simple story of the village girl who, ambitious of the stage, has adventures on the journey to success. There are eighteen characters, and they all have something to do, all hammering away on the building of the slight edifice. The play is a trifle, but diverting, in its every moment.

Lillian Greuze, as the ambitious Miquette, is charming with youthful animation and coquetries. Some of her frocks, too, are delightful, and all the more so that they belong to the action and are not worn for the display of the fashion makers.

The anniversary of Molière's birth falling on Monday, January 15th, the Théâtre Français Company included in their bill for the week "Les Precieuses Ridicules." If a growing interest is to be excited in the work of these players the management should consider the sources of support from the American contingent of this public which would be more attracted by established plays than by the newer and more experimental ones. That the new plays should form a part of the repertory is a matter of course as well as a matter of business, inasmuch as this theatre could be made the market place of the living authors of France. With classic plays produced with a certain frequency there would be a surpatronage from educational institutions and from the best intelligence otherwise. Professional people would find in such productions helpful and curious traditions in the acting and performance generally. In this way "Les Precieuses Ridicules" rewarded the attention of those not drawn to the house by close and native association with the French language.